National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press.

From the (Miss.) Southron.

FATHER MATHEW'S VISIT SOUTH

Mr. Editor:—The Abolitionists of Massachusetts lately attempted to get Father Mathew to attend one of their meetings, which he had the good sense and good taste to positively refuse to do. In order to spite him for this, and prejudice him in the South, these fanatics forthwith republished a letter, addressed, several years ago, by O'Connell, and signed by Father Mathew and 70,000 other Irishmen, to their countrymen in the United States, urging their co-operation with the Abolitionists! This foolish and impertinent missive, of course, instead of attaining the object designed only excited ridicule and contempt at the time; and I am happy to see by the following, that Father Mathew has lived long enough to become heartily ashamed of it himself. Instead, however, of desiring to see the great Temperance Reformer kept away from the South, as suggested by the *Mississipian*, would it not be better policy, Mr Editor, to encourage him to come; so that he might *see and judge for himself*, with his sterling good sense, how much *better* the slaves of the South are cared for, and provided with the substantial comforts and necessaries of life, than the "toiling millions" of Europe? The apology for his lending the influence of his name to that impertinent and ill-considered appeal, may be found, in part, in his total ignorance of the subject of which it treated; and the contrite spirit evinced in his interview with the Abolition organs, as faithfully reported in the annexed letter signed by W. L. Garrison, may be considered as an indirect atonement. At all events, he is a gentleman of too much good sense not to unlearn the crude prejudices of his early education, when he shall see with his own eyes, how foolish and unfounded they were. It would be a great pity, indeed, that his usefulness should be limited to any section of our Union, by quoting against him one foolish (and, it appears, repented of) act, in the crowded incidents of a life devoted to the noblest purposes of humanity—the reclamation of his fellow-men from the worst habit and the greatest evil which has ever afflicted the human race. Hoping, in justice to a great philanthropist, you will publish the enclosed in the "*Southron*." I remain your friend,

A TEMPERANCE MAN.

From the Garrard (Lancaster, Ky.) Banner.

—Now let Mr. Garrison and the abolition papers censure Father Mathew as much as they may, every man of sense and unbiased judgment, must commend the Reverend gentleman for the propriety of his course in this matter. Whatever may be his views of Slavery in the abstract, and American Slavery in particular, no one has a right to demand them, and it would be considered a piece of vain obtrusion for him to volunteer them. As an Apostle of temperance he would injure his usefulness, by taking up political issues—as a priest he would thereby render himself odious to his church, and as a foreigner he would be obnoxious to the charge of things that do not concern him. With the question of domestic Slavery in the South we deny the right even of the citizens of the North to interfere—then how much more objectionable to the mass of our citizens would be the interference of a foreigner, and he a foreign priest?

From the Richmond (Va.) Republican.

Father Mathew and the Abolitionists.—The reply of Father Mathew to the notorious incendiary, Garrison, on being importuned by him to give his countenance to an Abolition demonstration at the North, was worthy the good sense and the genuine philanthrophy of the distinguished Irishman. It was, in substance, (for we have it not before us:) "I have as much as I can do to save men from the Slavery of Intemperance without attending to any other kind of Slavery." If Garrison had possessed the faintest idea of propriety or reason, he would have felt this rebuke, and hid his head in shame. Instead of this, he is silly enough to publish an account of the conversation, which, instead of injuring Father Mathew, will only exalt him higher than ever in the estimation of all rational men.

The truth is, the man who is really in earnest in wishing to abolish all Slavery in the human race, will have much more business on his hands than he imagines. In the first place, it is very possible that he may be a slave himself to his own evil passions, to his envy and revenge. Before he attempts to liberate others, he ought to be free himself. Then he will find the Slavery of dependence and want among the poor whites of both sexes, in what are called free States, where, by the way, the poorer classes of whites are treated with a degree of contempt and inhumanity entirely unknown in Slave-holding communities. Besides, there is, as Father Mathew says, the Slavery of intemperance, as well as other vices, to abolish which would give Garrison and all his raving brotherhood useful employment for the rest of their lives. Let them begin their good deeds at home, where their efforts are most needed.

From the Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig.

Father Mathew and the Abolitionists.—As the Mississippian has recently resuscitated an Abolition address from the people of Ireland to the people of America, signed by Daniel O'Connell, Father Mathew and thousands of others, in 1842, we think it due to the great Temperance Reformer to say that in a recent interview with Garrison, the Prince of Abolitiondom, he manifested regret that he had signed that Address and expressed a decided determination not to be drawn aside from his proper aims by any political party in this country, especially by the Abolitionists, whom he seems to regard, since he has had an opportunity of knowing them, as emphatically dangerous and unwise in their purposes and tendencies. He refused to accept an invitation from Garrison to attend an Abolition festival:—"taking," says Garrison in his published account of the interview, "the latter, with some agitation and embarrassment of manner, he said, gesticulating in a somewhat depreciative manner, as though an *indecent* or *unworthy* proposition had been made to him—'I have as much as I can do to save men from the Slavery of intemperance, without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of Slavery.'" The whole Abolition press of the North refers to this interview between Mathew and Garrison in a manner which shows that the former has incurred the fierce displeasure of the faction by nobly refusing to take part or lot with them, as well as by declaring in that interview, that he could not find "any specific injunction against Slavery in the scriptures." We think, therefore, that the warm-hearted Irish reformer should not be hindered in his mission, during his visit to the South, by feeling or demonstration growing out of his signing the address above alluded to; but we are sure his bearing towards Garrison and the Northern Abolitionists generally, entitles him to the benefit of an apology for his former conduct, and to a respectful reception and hearty furtherance in the path of his chosen and excellent duty by the generous people of the Southern States. We know that the editors of the *Mississippian* will be far from throwing difficulties around Father Mathew in the South if convinced, as we think they must be on reading the letter of Garrison to the *Boston Liberator*, that the great preacher of Temperance is not at heart an enemy to Southern institutions, and will not come among us as an emissary of evil, but as an apostle of a noble reform.

From the Louisville, (Ky.) Chronicle.

Father Mathew Again.—In our yesterday's paper, we spoke of the stern rebuke administered by the great apostle of Temperance, to the Abolitionists who attempted, in the city of Boston, to enlist him in their unholy and factious designs. We referred also to the letter of invitation sent him by the Abolition Society of Massachusetts, to which, Garrison says, "he has not had the courtesy to make any reply." In this letter they flatter the good Father, and entreat, at their Abolition anniversary, the benefit of his "*quickening presence*." But it was no go. He had once, without due thought, signed an address to the Irish population of the United States, touching the subject of Slavery, which, he told Garrison, "subjected him, at the time, to a good deal of odium." Consequently, he felt no wish to repeat the indiscretion. The letter of the Abolition committee, calls Father Mathew's attention to the address referred to, and quotes and endorses some of its language—"Its final appeal," say the committee, was in the following emphatic language: "Irish men and Irish women! *treat the colored people as your equals—as your brethren*. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate Slavery—eling by the Abolitionists—and in America, you will do honor to the name of Ireland." After quoting as above, from the address, Garrison and his fellow-committee-men say: "We deeply regret that the truth compels us to state, the address fell powerless on the ear and heart of the Irish population in this country."

Now just look at this, ye Irishmen and Irish women! What do these Abolitionists so deeply regret? It is, that you will not "*treat the colored people as your equals*." Great God! What audacity! Tell the Irish to treat the negroes as *their equals!* Complain of them because they will not treat the negroes as their equals! and then have the effrontery to expect their aid and friendship! then ask Father Mathew to persuade and influence them to ally themselves with Abolitionists who thus insult them! Is it not astounding?

From the Carrollton [Ala.] Republican.

Father Mathew.—The Abolitionists of the old pannel, the Smith and Garrison stamp, eternally at some vile mischief, have been endeavoring to draw Father Mathew into a position which would be calculated to injure his usefulness in the South, were he intends to visit. Garrison and others called upon him in Boston and invited him to attend an Abolition celebration of the West India British Emancipation, so as to thus identify him with them and destroy his popularity and the effect of his labors. Declining to comply with their invitation, they now attack him through their presses and apply to him their usual billingsgate.

From the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Monitor.

PASSPORTS FOR COLORED GENTLEMEN.

The Northern Democratic papers are loudly abusing Mr. Clayton, Gen. Taylor's Secretary of State, because he refuses to give a "passport" to a "gentleman ob color" who wishes to travel abroad. The following is Mr. Clayton's reply to the letter of application:

Department of State,
Washington, June 9, 1849.

Sir: Your letter of the 7th instant, soliciting for Henry Hambleton, a colored man, a passport or protection, is received, and, in reply, I have to inform you that passports are not granted by this department to persons of color, and that protections are only given to them when they are in the service of diplomatic agents, etc. of the United States, going abroad.

Hambleton's certificate of nativity is herewith returned.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your ob't. serv't.

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Edward Hurst, Esq. Phil. Penn.

This, the *New York Evening Post* calls a "flagrant outrage," and abuses Mr. Clayton, in good set terms, for daring to refuse the "national protection" to a man whose only misfortune is, that he happens to be invested with an ebony cuticle. This comes with a peculiar good grace from the Democratic press of a city where a "darkey" cannot even now obtain a cartman's license, and where the "invidious distinctions" which so disgust the *Post*, are found in every pursuit and occupation of life.

But what we particularly wished to present to the attention of our readers, in connection with this matter is the fact, that it presents another illustration of that love of justice and fair-dealing upon which our Southern Democratic cotemporaries *so justly* pride themselves. While, at the North, these terrible anathemas are thundered at the head of Mr. Clayton, for this proper construction of his duty in relation to this matter, our Southern Democratic editors have not a single word of commendation to bestow, not even an expression of surprise, that such should be the action of Gen. Taylor's *Abolition Cabinet*. If the Cabinet entertained those *hostile* feelings towards the South, which Hon S. W. Inge, during the late canvas, so loudly and we regret to add, so successfully charged them with, here was a small matter in which those feelings could have been very pointedly displayed. And *had* this passport been granted, how quickly would the *Washington Union* and its Southern echoes have seized upon it as an evidence of hostility to the South. Their columns would be filled with graphic descriptions of imaginary cabinet meetings, held to decide upon this "novel and important question." We should be told (with a minuteness so circumstantial, that it would be almost impossible to doubt its accuracy, if we did not know the whole to be a lie) that a vote was taken upon the question whether the Secretary of State shall grant a passport to Sambo Hambleton, Esq. of New York, (a colored gentleman) giving him permission to visit foreign countries, and commending him to the good offices of our Consuls, Charges, Ministers, &c. &c. That upon this question, Reverdy Johnson, Preston and Crawford voted, Nay; and that Clayton, Ewing, Meredith and Collamer being Abolitionists, and "hostile" to the South, voted, Yea; and that Gen. Taylor, being "in the hands" of the Abolitionists, of course voted as they did. So the passport was granted, and Sambo Hambleton went on his way rejoicing. Such a description as this, though, of course, more elaborately and elegantly "done up," would have *graced* the columns of every Democratic sheet south of Mason and Dixon's line, and a howl of indignation, a terrible explosion of wrath and fury would at once have issued from all the "organs," little and big, in tune and out, which it would be dismal to listen to. Lies, such as this, drawn from that sink of mendacity, the *Washington Union*, were showered broad-cast through this district during the late canvas, and hundreds of honest men were led to believe that such scenes had actually occurred.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph.

Much Cry about a little Wool!—The Northern Journals are making a prodigious pother, and blowing off any quantity of steam against Mr. Secretary Clayton, because he recently refused a passport to a free negro going aboard.

In reply to the request Mr. Clayton mildly but firmly denied the right of negroes to passports, in a brief note, as contrary to the practice of this Government.

For this official act he has been forcibly denounced both by the abolition and Northern papers generally; and even Mr. Ritchie, (from whom in this matter we expected better things) instead of giving him aid and countenance, thus joins in the cry in a manner, which seems more intended for a Northern than a Southern meridian.

The blinding efforts of partizanship were never more strongly exhibited. The *Union* cannot commend and support the Secretary even when right, but "puts a spider in his dumpling," as follows:

"More Official Blundering.—It seems Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, recently refused a passport to a colored man about to visit Europe On being complained of for the refusal, he justified himself on the ground that it had been the uniform practice of the State Department to refuse passports to colored persons. It turns out, however, that such has not been the uniform practice of the State Department—Mr. Forsyth having granted one or two passports to colored men. The Boston Atlas, recollecting the astute Secretary's letter to the Washington celebration, to the effect that he had to labor sixteen hours a day in the delectable business of removing Democrats and deciding upon the appointments of Whigs to office who had been "ostracised for twenty years," endeavord to excuse him on the ground of his great and arduous labors."

Now if this shows a sympathy with the Secretary's proceeding, it is in a very odd way; and it is followed up by another "of the same-sort" on the 18th inst. which we subjoin. The italics are the *Union's* own:

"The Passport.—Gen. Taylor's organ is attempting to defend Mr. Clayton against the attacks of the northern press for his late refusal of a passport to a colored man going to Europe. *Does the organ contend that free men of color are not entitled to passports when they visit Europe, and that Mr. Clayton is right in refusing them?* It seems Mr. Forsyth, when Secretary of State granted one or two to colored persons. Does the organ now contend it is wrong, and that free colored persons should not have passports? Not knowing what the law and the practice are with regard to this matter, we inquire for information. And we want no evasion or equivocation. We want a direct and plain answer. We want to know what the law and the practice are; and if colored men or negroes have no right to passports we shall not, under any circumstances urge the Secretary to give passports to them."

In reply, the *Republic* thus settles the matter by reference to the precedents.

We extract only so much as relates to the subject-matter, omitting the sauce piquant of personalities, in which Mr. Ritchie is charged with turning his back on the South, because the Southern elections are over.

Speaking of the pretexts set up the dissentiments to Mr Clayton's course, the *Republic* says:

"They pretend that Mr. McLane in 1834 had granted one passport to Robert Purvis, and that Mr. Forsyth in 1836 had granted another to the Rev. Mr. Williams, and that they were both colored men. On examining the records of the Department, it was ascertained that they were both represented to the Department, and recommended at the time the passports were given, *to be white men:* and the old passport clerks—Mr. Reddal and Mr. Chew, the former the passport clerk under Mr. Forsyth, and who are still clerks in the State Department, (being retained by this "proscriptive" Administration, although they are both democrats.)—both bear testimony that no passport was ever granted knowingly by any Secretary, within their experience, to any free negro or colored person. Applications for passports for such persons were constantly refused under Mr. Buchanan, as often as they were applied for. Yet the Union joins the Abolitionists in abusing Mr. Clayton for refusing a passport to a negro, although it was never heard to murmur against any Democratic Secretary, although all of them acted under the same rule in every instance.

"We have examined a copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Buchanan to Mr. George D. Cooper of New York city, dated November 6, 1846, in which Mr. Buchanan refuses a passport to William P. Powell, a man "of a mulatto color, but of Indian extraction," and informs Mr. Cooper "that the Department can have no authority to issue it."

The principle involved is too important to be made the subject of a partizan game of battledore and shuttlecock. If Mr. Clayton had given a passport to a free negro he would have degraded the Administration, himself, and the proud title of American citizen. We have seen but little in the acts and doings of the new Cabinet thus far to approve, but no prejudice can prevent us from giving this act of Mr. Clayton's our hearty commendation.

Until the "Æthiop can change his skin," no circumstances of location or environment can entitle him to the privileges and immunities, or put him on a level with a free white citizen of this Republic.

Even a *doubt* on this subject is injurious and degrading to that name, so justly prized and honored by all who are privileged to bear it.

From the New Orleans Courier.

Abolition.—The Abolition papers of the North are excessively angry at Mr. Clayton for refusing a passort to a colored man who was going to Europe. Mr. Clayton excuses himself by alleging that it has been the uniform practice of the State Department to refuse passports to men of color. This excuse, the Abolition papers say, makes Mr. Clayton's position worse. There is no doubt the Secretary acted correctly in this instance. Men of color are not and cannot be citizens of some of the States. If the Secretary should by chance grant a passport to a runaway slave, the owner might hold him liable for the amount of his value. We knew an instance in which the Boston and Washington Rail Road Company was compelled to pay the price of a slave, who had been carried in the cars towards the North. The grievance with the Abolitionists is not so much the refusal of a passport to a gentleman of color, but the violation of a solemn pledge of Gen. Taylor's friends in the North, that he was friendly to the Free Soil doctrines and not averse to Abolition. The Abolition gentry think it very strange that a member of Old Zack's civil staff should make a distinction between white men and black niggers. While Colonel Collamer was a member of Congress he voted in favor of a resolution offered in the House of Representatives by Mr. Gott, that the question of the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia should be submitted to the people of the District, and that not free niggers only but slaves should be permitted to vote upon it! If Colonel Collamer would allow niggers and slaves to vote on the question of Slavery, surely the Abolition gentlemen had a right to expect that the Secretary of State would not refuse a passport to a free nigger gentleman. The right of suffrage implies citizenship, and citizenship implies a right to claim a passport from the Government by any gentleman, white or nigger. If the Cabinet be friendly to the doctrines of Free Soil and not averse to Abolition, it ought to be consistent with itself, and not refuse so trifling a thing as a passport to a nigger gentleman, setting out on his travels through Europe.

From the Natchez (Miss.) Courier.

A Fire from the North and South.—The Secretary of State, Hon. John M. Clayton, refused a few weeks since, to give a Philadelphia negro man what is termed a Passport, to facilitate his travels through European countries. This was according to the immemorial usage of the Department. The Department of State has never granted a passport to a negro from the period of its creation to the present moment. Not even all the *white men* who apply get accommodated. Well, for refusing to endorse the *citizenship* of this "colored individual" the Anti-Slavery and Free Soil press of the North denounce Mr. Clayton in unsparing terms. They say it is not his province to decide who are citizens—that some of the States acknowledge the negro as a citizen, and that as such, he is entitled to the recognition of the Federal Government. Hence, they are very bitter upon the honorable Secretary—and the Free Soil democratic press of the North has particularly distinguished itself in these attacks upon Mr Clayton.

At the South, however, the game is reversed. The Democratic press say all manner of hard things about Mr. Clayton, prompted by different motives, perhaps, but adroitly calculated to have the same effect—to cast odium upon the administration.—They denounce him as a Free-Soiler, strongly insinuate that he is an Abolitionist, and try to impress the idea upon the public that he is opposed to the interests of the South. Thus they have the Secretary between two fires. His Northern opponents keep up a brisk cannonade upon him because, as they say, he favors the South, and his Southern opponents blaze away at him because he favors the North, according to their assertions. If he does not have to encounter a fire in "the front and rear" at the same time, he certainly does from the North and South. His situation in regard to this business, may be illustrated by relating the soliloquy of an individual who had several very heavy "bricks in his hat," upon returning home, late one night: "If" said he, "I find my wife sitting up for me, I'll lick her. What business has she to sit up late and ruin her health?" Staggering a few steps further, he continued: "If she's gone to bed, I'll lick her. What business has she to go to bed and leave me all alone?" Thus it is with the honorable Secretary. He may expect abuse anyhow. They will try to "lick" him if he does, and will try to "lick" him if he does not.

Another eminent individual has been exposed to the same sort of a cannonade. The Hon. Thomas Butler King of Georgia, a member of Congress, and a true friend of Gen. Taylor, is now in California. The Free Soil Democrats of the North aver most vociferously, that he was sent there by Gen. Taylor to secure the establishment of Slavery in that territory. Their allies down South swear that he went to California on the instance of Gen. Taylor to have Slavery prohibited. The Slavery and Anti-Slavery Democrats, though differing apparently, as wide as the poles, and firing from different quarters, strangely aim at the *same* target. But, the truth of the matter is, both factions unite cordially in a fierce desire to embarrass, and overthrow, if possible, the administration—and to accomplish this, in whole, or in part, are ready to make the vitally important Slavery question a mere foot-ball, to be thrown and kicked about as the interests of either party may demand. They have evinced about as much desire to see this vital question settled as a Chinese Mandarin. To secure the success of their party, the leaders, whether at the North or the South, have shown that they would not scruple at anything, no matter if the destruction of our sacred Temple of Union was involved.

From the St. Louis (Mo.) Daily Union.

ST. LOUIS CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

"Whereas, We feel a deep and abiding solicitude for the temporal comfort and spiritual prosperity of the people of color within our bounds; and, *whereas*, We have reason to apprehend that Northern preachers, recently sent among us, will seek to mislead and alienate them from their present church relations; and, *whereas*, We fear that amid the excitement which has agitated the country and the church, respecting their civil condition, too little regard has been paid to their spiritual welfare; therefore

"1. *Resolved*, That while we freely pledge ourselves to seek, in every practicable way, the amelioration of the temporal and spiritual condition of the colored people within our bounds, we can have no sympathy with those who either openly or clandestinely interfere with the civil relations between the master and the slave.

"2. *Resolved*, That it is desirable to keep our colored societies as closely united as possible to the whites, by having them to worship in the same church, when they are not too numerous, and, at all events, by keeping them under the same pastoral charge, except under peculiar circumstances, in our large cities.

"3. *Resolved*, That where they have churches of their own, they ought to have as large a share as possible of the services of the regular traveling preachers, and where they have no distinct place of worship, seats should always be appropriated for them in the churches of the whites, from which they ought on no occasion to be excluded.

"4. *Resolved*, That the exercise of discipline, the administration of the ordinances, the holding of love feasts, the meeting of classes, and in general all pastoral duties, should be attended to among them in due form and by the preacher in person.

"5. *Resolved*, That the preacher should endeavor either in person, or with the aid of competent laymen, to give catechetical instruction to all, whether children or adults, who will attend.

"6. *Resolved*, That we earnestly entreat our members and friends generally, to pay special attention to the religious instruction of the colored people connected with their families, whether as slaves or hired servants, by affording them facilities for attending public worship, for obtaining catechetical instruction, and for participating in the devotions of the family, and that it is the duty of every preacher to enforce these obligations, both in public and in private.

"J. BOYLE,
"F. H. CAPERS."

"Wm. W. Jones, Secretary."

From the Columbia [S. C.] Telegraph.

The Scriptural Sanction of Slavery.—We are indebted to a friend for the following brief, though lucid exposition of the irreligious tendancy of the fanatical assaults on an institution confirmed and sanctioned by the authority of the Bible. We presume no member of that Church South, will dissent from the views so forcibly set forth by one of their members, as follows:

"'There are many reasons' says a writer in the Methodist Quarterly Review, 'which prevented our Savior in promulgating his gospel *denouncing Slavery*'

"And yet, according to this writer, the founder of Christian religion regarded Slavery as a sin, absolute and inexcusable, but forebore his denunciation on account of the *prejudices* and *feelings* then prevalent in the world on the subject. We do not intend to assert that the writer in question has used this identical language. We presume that no one professing to be a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), although a rabid Abolitionist, would yet venture to represent in set terms the Author of Christianity as a time-serving and temporizing propounder of a palatable morality—but we do most unhesitatingly assert, that to this 'complexion it must come'—that in this way alone can the scriptural arguments be disposed of—and that in this way alone they are, and have been, virtually disposed of by Abolitionists.

"If then there is an hiatus in the didactic morality of revelation, which *modern Abolitionism* is destined to supply; if some 'World's Convention at Exeter Hall, is to propound to the world a doctrine which Jesus and his Apostles *knew*, but dared not *avow* on pain of displeasing some Roman master: if Tappan and Garrison and Thompson—but we forbear!—then indeed, there is but one step more for *Abolitionism* (or rather the genius of disorder and moral convulsion, seeking for some *form* and assuming among others that of Abolitionism)—there is but one step more for Abolitionism to take, we say—and a very *short* one—from its present position!

"Let the Convention be called at once, and that Revelation, (*imperfect* as they *necessarily* assume,) be *amended*."

From the Columbus [Ga.] Enquirer.

The Negro Church Nuisance.—*Mr. Editor*:—I think that the nuisance of the Negro Church, which is so much complained of, will be considerably abated, if the following law, passed in 1833, has the force and effect which the Legislature intended it should have:—

"No person of color, whether free or slave, shall be allowed to preach to, exhort or join in any religious exercise, with any person of color, either free or slave, there being more than seven persons of color present. They shall first obtain a written certificate from three ordained ministers of the gospel, of their own order, in which certificate shall be set forth the good, moral character of the applicant, his pious deportment and his ability to teach the gospel—having a due respect to the character of those persons to whom he is to be licensed to preach; and also the written permission of the Justices of the Inferior Court of the county—and in counties in which the county town is incorporated, in addition thereto, the permission of the Mayor or chief-officer, or Commissioners of such incorporations. Such license not to be for a longer time than six months, and to be revocable at any time by the persons granting it. Any free person of color offending against this provision, to be liable, on conviction, for the first offence, to imprisonment at the discretion of the Court, and to a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, to be levied on the property of the person of color; if this is insufficient, he shall be sentenced to be whipped and imprisoned, at the discretion of the Court: provided such imprisonment shall not exceed six months, and no whipping shall exceed thirty-nine lashes.'

Let the above law be enforced, and the "Negro Church" would hardly prove a nuisance.

QUIET.

From the Canton (Miss.) Creole.

PATROLS.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me through the medium of the *Creole*, to call the attention of our Honorable Police Court to the subject of *patrols* in our county. At this time—when there is such alarming agitation on the slave question—every prudential measure that will contribute to our internal quiet, should be adopted. That an efficient system of patrols will do this, I imagine few will question.

On the generally conceded fact of exclusive jurisdiction by the Police Court over this question—under the constitutional term of "County Police,"—I purpose a remark upon the necessity of some action on the subject.

The fearful agitation now threatening the Union, on the slave question, should be sufficient cause for the utmost vigilance on our part. Add to this the more alarming fact of the growing insubordination among the slaves in the South, and it appears to me as criminal in us to neglect any—even the least—measure of security.

I am aware that there are some who oppose any system of patrol, on the ground that it is the duty of every man to patrol his own premises; and in a community of large plantations, this plan may do; for there the owners are under the two-fold obligation of economy and interest to keep strict watch. But those who own but few slaves are not under the same necessity, and, indeed, cannot afford to "mount guard." The result is, that after nightfall near half the negroes in the county are literally "at large," and no more called for by their owners until the next day's work commences. What better opportunity could be asked for organizing a deadly plot? This country has probably never been free from the presence of abolition incendiaries and emissaries, and but few such are required to corrupt the whole slave population. And probably at no time in our history has so many suspicious vagrant characters been observed among us, as within the last twelve or eighteen months. The late startling case in South Carolina affords a fresh demonstration of their efforts.

Looking at all these facts, it seems to me strange that there is such general apathy in the public mind on this subject. Having every civilized nation of the earth clamoring against our peculiar institution, and more than half our own citizens denouncing it as a "great moral and political evil" we should feel that we slumbered on a volcano when we are careless on this subject.

The history of our country will show that every insurrection among the slaves, from that of 1795 on the coast of Louisiana, to that of 1835 in Madison county, has occurred at a time when there was the most profound security, to all appearance. And although no record is made of the fact, I have no doubt but it is equally true, that immediately prior to each, there was no patrol organization, or if any, a very inefficient system. Many citizens of this county can remember that in '34 and '35 there was scarcely such a thing known as a patrol in the county, until the people were aroused to a sense of their danger by accident only, in time to save themselves from massacre.

Scarcely a week passes now, but some later evidence of the insubordination among the slaves occurs in our State. Where is to be the end of this, without some system to enforce order among them? I see none more probable than another outbreak accomplishing the death of thousands of our citizens, and desolating the country.

But I have already said more than there is any necessity for, perhaps, as my object is only to call the attention of our worthy police-men to the subject, believing they will give it the attention due to its importance, when consulting the

PUBLIC SAFETY.

From the Batesville (Arkansas,) Eagle.

☞ By request, we give publicity to the proceedings of a meeting held in Washington Township, in this county, on the 13th instant, on the subject of Slavery. We look upon the subject as one of vast importance at the present crisis in our political history, and hope our Southern friends will be more dispassionate, and clear in the manifestation of their opinions on the subject, than has generally been the case. We should always bear in mind, that empty carts make the most noise while under weigh: and that light-headed, ill governed men, are generally the most vindictive ignoramuses. Therefore be admonished by these ominous truisms, not to stir up the embers with meddlesome acts, or blow them with unnecessary words.

The meeting to which we allude, has taken a cool and deliberate step in bringing to general view, the premises upon which their actions were taken; and the acts seem justifiable under the circumstances. We have neither time nor inclination, however, to give our views on the subject, at the present time.

Public Meetings.

At a meeting of the citizens of Independence county, held irrespective of party, at the residence of Jacob Fulbright, in Washington Township, on Friday, July 13, 1849, for the purpose of protesting against the course of the Missouri Conference, in sending their Missionaries into this State, the following gentlemen on motion were called to the chair: Maj. Lewis Waugh, John Ruddell and James Hassell Esquires; and on motion, W. W. Glenn and L. Criswell, were appointed Secretaries. The object of the meeting was then explained by Robt. Childress, when a committee of twenty were appointed to draw up a Preamble and Resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, consisting of the following gentlemen:

R. A. Childress,	*Peter Moser,*
Jacob Fulbright,	*Henry Moser,*
Joseph Fulbright,	*Johnson Wright, Jr.*
W. H. Grigsby,	*F. C. Sherill,*
Henry Carter,	*T. Harmon,*
C. W. Waugh,	*Alfred Sherill,*
Jas. L. Waugh,	*Lemuel Wright, Sen.*
W. W. Glenn,	*Hiram Lile,*
L. B. Criswell,	*A. R. Ervin,*
Abijah O'Neal,	*G. W. Adrian.*

During their absence, the meeting was ably addressed by Jas. H. Patterson and F. W. Desha. The Committee having returned reported, and the meeting unanimously adopted the following

Preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas the Institution of Domestic Slavery has been recognized by this Government, from its earliest History to the present time, and acknowledged as an indefeasible right, to be fully exercised and enjoyed by the several States in their Sovereign capacity, without restraint, by the General Government; and

Whereas, for time past, and at present, the most unhappy state of feeling has been, and is existing between the non-slaveholding and the slaveholding States, upon this subject—the former seeking to penetrate into the very bosom of the latter, and to give tone and caste to their domestic Institutions—whilst the latter, with equal zeal and firmness, resolve to maintain their rights. This state of feeling has been manifested in the North by almost every class of Society; but more especially has it been displayed by the frequent action of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The most deplorable state of things existed in that church upon the subject of Slavery, until by the action of their legal Representatives, in A. D. 1844, it was for a time believed that the difficulty was fully settled. It is still fresh in the public mind, that by the General Conference, which met in the city of New York, in the year above named, that provision was made for the Division of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The "*plan of separation*" was received by the parties as a *peace measure*, and was adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the body. The "*plan*" made provision that the North should be separate and distinct from the South, in everything touching church Government; and so, the South was to be separate from the North. *It was the question of Slavery and nothing else which led to this result.* With this division, the South, both in and out of the church, was content: the friends of Methodism regarded it as the only mode of preserving them as a people, and of enabling them to carry out the great work in which they were engaged; while thouse out of the church hailed it as a harbinger of peace to the hitherto troubled elements.

Such continued to be the state of things until the meeting of the Northern General Conference in 1848, when there was an attempt made by that body to disannul the action of the General Conference of '44, and to again call into existence all the unhappy effects of a fresh agitation of a question which had been amicably and fully adjusted. Not content to give currency to the principles of "*Abolitionism*" within their own jurisdiction, they seek to *invade* Southern Territory, which they had pledged themselves not to do; and for this purpose they establish what they call the "*Missouri Conference*," and send Missionaries into Southern States, to disseminate the principles of Abolitionism, which must be attended with the most fatal consequences, not only to the spread of the Gospel, but calculated to endanger the very foundations of Civil Society. And to further their designs, attempts have been made to organize societies under the jurisdiction of the Northern Church, in our midst, a country peculiarly within the jurisdiction and under the control of Southern Institutions!!!

Such conduct we regard as antagonistical to the well being of Society, at large; and at direct variance with the principles of Christianity. Therefore, be it

"*Resolved, That inasmuch as it was the question of Slavery, and nothing else, which led to the division of the Methodist E. Church*, that we view the action of the same, in the foundation of the Missouri Conference, and in sending Missionaries here, as incendiary in its character—having a direct tendency to create in the heart of the slave the most deadly feeling toward the master, and to lead to ultimate insurrection amongst the slave population of this country.

"*And be it further resolved*, That inasmuch as the "*Church South*," is the same in Doctrine and Government with the Church North, we cannot regard the present policy of the North in sending Missionaries amongst us, as having for its *primary* object the spread of the Gospel of Christ; but the propagation of Abolition principles.

"*Resolved further*, That since the attempt made to establish *Northern* principles amongst us, we have seen, with painful solicitude, a marked change in the Slave population; they have become much less obedient and perform their duty with reluctance; are frequently found at unusual places, and have already begun to discuss the probability of being set free by their Northern friends.

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully, but earnestly protest against the Missouri Conference sending any more Missionaries amongst us, and request that the proper authority in the Northern Church recall such as have been sent; and that we trust all those who have been disposed to encourage Northernism amongst us, will reflect upon the disastrous consequences which may result, if these things are persisted in.

"*Resolved further*, That we cannot regard it essential to the fundamental principles of Methodism, that teachers should be sent here from any other than the Arkansas Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South; that we consider the tenents of the Church are as truly and ably taught by our Southern Clergy, as they could be by any person sent here by the Missouri or any other Northern Conference.

"*Resolved*, That these proceedings be published in the *Batesville Eagle*, with the request that all the Arkansas and Missouri papers publish the same; and that a copy be forwarded to the Missouri Conference, at its next session.

MAJ. LEWIS WAUGH, JOHN RUDDELL, JAMES HASSELL, } *Chairmen.*
W. W. GLENN, L. B. CRISWELL, } *Secy's.*

From the Nasville (Tenn.) Union.

Abolition Documents.—The Abbeville (S. C.) Banner states, that at least half a bushel Abolition publications, directed to persons mostly in the upper part of the State, passed through the post-office at this place a few days ago. There is (says the New-Orleans Courier) something devilish in the pertinacity thus evinced by Northern Abolitionists, in their endeavors to disturb the tranquility of the South; if not to produce an insurrection among its slave population, and ultimately a dissolution of our Union. The transmission of such incendiary publications to a community that detest them and their authors, cannot be regarded as an appeal to reason. The design is to insult the Southern people, and to loosen the bonds of the union which exist between them and the great mass of their brethren in the South and West.

These are among the legitimate fruits of the last Presidential election. The large infusion of Abolitionism in the present Administration of the General Government, has doubtless encouraged the Abolitionists in their mischevious designs. But the patriotism and the good sense of the American people will eventually prevail over them and their abettors in authority.

From the (Columbia) South Carolinian.

Sartain's Union Magazine.—In the August number of this periodical, the 26th chapter of a novel, which has been continued through several preceding numbers, introduces an objectionable character into the table. It is objectionable, inasmuch as ingenious arguments are put in the mouth of a runaway, to defend himself, and utter cant philosophy about the institution of Slavery. This periodical has hitherto *merited* notice from the beauty of its illustrations—Mr. Sartain being one of the best mezzotint engravers in the country—as well as from the quality of its literary contents, much of which would do credit to the periodical literature of any country. In the present number there are contributions from Mrs. Sigourney, Professor Longfellow, Professor Rhoads, Wm. Howitt, Mrs. Stephens, Dr. Durbin, and other eminent writers, whose well known reputation would invest any periodical with a good character. But why a magazine so highly favored with the productions of such writers should attempt to pander to fanaticism, through the insidous means of a tale in its pages, we are at a loss to understand. But we are at a greater loss to comprehend why a *Southern writer* should introduce such a personage in his work as "Wild Bill," or put such language in his mouth as he has done. Some of our contemporaries have exhibited an immense amount of indignation at this insidious attempt—the *Fredericksburg Recorder* even threatening the author of the tale with a "greased grape vine," and "a coat of tar," should he venture South of the Potomac. But Mr. Wiley, the writer, is a native of North Carolina, a graduate of her University, and now a lawyer residing in Granville county, in that State, and certainly deserves two-fold censure for what he has done, which we are afraid cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by any "reasons" or "explanations" he may be required to give by his fellow citizens, whom he has so grievously outraged. Speaking of the article in question and its author, the North Carolina *Standard* says:

"We regret that Mr. Wiley should have been so indiscreet (to use no stronger term) as to have introduced such acharacter into his work; and it is expected by his friends that his reasons for so doing, and explanations in regard to it, will be at once laid before the public. We cannot believe it possible that a man raised and educated as he has been in the midst of a slaveholding people, and identified as he is with them in interest and feeling, can really cherish such sentiments as those he puts into the mouth of 'Wild Bill,' and which, so far as the dialogue between 'Bill' and 'Walter' is concerned, are not conclusively refuted by the latter. Mr. Wiley is, however, dealing with supposed scenes a hundred years ago; and it may be that he designs, in some subsequent number, to present 'Wild Bill' in quite a different light, and thus do away, if possible, with the impression which his

From the Laurensville [S. C.] Herald.

ABOLITION DOCUMENTS.—These incendiary publications, as we learn from the Pendleton Messenger, are still sent in large quantities through Anderson and Pickens Districts. They are not distributed, however, but consigned to the flames by the Post Masters, as soon as opened. How much longer will our people submit to be thus insulted?

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1849.

FOURTEENTH

PENNSYLVANIA

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The return of the season for our sale prompts us to send forth the word of remembrance to our fellow-laborers in this department of Anti-Slavery work. The success of past years should cheer and incite us to vigorous effort for the present year.

So fully have the various *Circles* throughout our bounds, identified themselves with us in this work, and so much of experience have the past years given us and them, that all which we consider now necessary to be done is to revert to the necessity of continued effort on the part of all who feel that to them must not come the folding of the hands, nor the repose of him whose labour is accomplished, while the slave is driven by the merciless task-master, and our brother continues weary and heavy laden.

We would earnestly invite the co-operation of all those who sympathize with the slave, and would help to overthrow a system at war with all the dearest rights of humanity, and the most holy relations of life.

We have been appointed by the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, a Committee to make arrangements for the Fair to be held the close of this year. Any persons wishing information may communicate with any member of the Committee.

Sarah Pugh,
Sarah A. M Kim,
Huldah Justice,
Maria M. Davis,
Mary T. Stuckney,
Emma Parker,
Rebecca Plumley,
Elizabeth Davis.
Janette Jackson,
Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,
Margaret Jones,
A. Matilda Cassey,
Clementine G. Ruby,
Sarah T. Child,
Anna M. Child,
Anna M Hopper,
Mary Grew,
Elizabeth Gay,
Hannah W. Haydock,
Theresa K. Hallowell,
Margaret A. Griscom,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Esther Reckless,
Gertrude H Burleigh,
Emily A. Winslow,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Margaretta Forten,
Elizabeth Clendenen,
Sarah M. Douglass,
Mary Shaw,
Esther Hogeland,
Priscilla Luckens.

PHILADELPHIA, September 18, 1849.

OUR readers have had from, from time to time, the privilege of seeing extracts from Southern newspapers directly referring to the *Standard*. Most of these, we are sorry to say, have not been so commendatory as even a moderate self-esteem might have desired. Indeed many of them have been so childish that we are almost inclined to believe that the fountain of youth does really bubble up somewhere in the South, and that some of our editorial brethren have drunk too much of it.

One of these reciprocations of courtesy had certainly the charm of being pithy and to the point. We are sorry that so forcible a writer should refuse us a periodical sight of his lucubrations.

"You and your paper be damned!"

We have no clue to the authorship of this eloquent denunciation, but we have a fancy that it came from the editor of a religious paper. People of that class are uncommonly fond of these sulphurious haruspications, and it must have been a special relish to the author of this compact refutation of Abolitionism to encounter an adversary with whom no formalities need be observed, and who could be treated at once to the marrow of all theological controversy. We shall give the destiny which he recommends a proper amount of consideration. His including the *Standard* in the anathema would seem to indicate that he attributes a soul to it, which as newspapers go, may be reckoned no small compliment.

We had no idea that we were such terrible fellows. To be sure, we knew before that we were incendiaries, but we have been taught to believe that it was the happy and contented peasantry who made up the combustible and explosive matter of the Southern Social system. However, it seems to be the editors whom we have touched off, and they very naturally treat us to a blowing-up in return. We have never had any doubt that Anti-Slavery was more than a match for them, but we should like to know whether any of them rubbed the *Standard* against a piece of sand-paper to see if it would ignite.

We wonder if the keeper of a powder-magazine ever gets to look upon all his fellow-citizens who wear iron nails in their shoes as incendiaries? if he considers flint and steel as inventions of the enemy of man, and the lightning, that ever-busy scavenger of the aerial highways, as a personal injury? Such, at any rate, seems to be the mental condition at which our Southern friends have arrived. Though they profess to live in a house of such asbestic quality as might defy the final conflagration, they are in such constant dread of fire that Mr. Calhoun has even attempted to put out the sun with a four-ounce squirt.

The contradictions in which the advocates and apologists of Slavery involve themselves are certainly diverting. According to these more voluble than logical persons, the Abolitionists are retarding the progress of emancipation. Yet it is these very co-workers whom the Perpetualists would crush at all hazards. Nothing, not even invasion, could induce a servile revolt, and yet the mails must be robbed lest a stray copy of an Anti-Slavery journal should fall into the hands of a wretched helot who could as easily read the inscriptions of Nimroud. We have before us the *Southern Quarterly Review* for July 1849, containing an article upon Elwood Fisher's notorious pamphlet. From this we propose to cull an extract or two for the amusement of our readers. It is written in an argumentative tone, keeps tolerably clear of declamation, and is wholly free from that vulgar and snobbish manner of alluding to the North which is a too common characteristic of Southern Literature.

Considered as a plea in favor of Slavery (even if we admitted the accuracy of the preposterous statistics on which it is based) it is entirely aside from the point at issue. The question of Slavery is not a sectional or political one, nor can it be determined by an array of figures, still less by such a Falstaff's regiment of statistics as those at the head of which Mr. Fisher has been sent to Coventry by all honest men. It is not a squabble of emulous provincialisms, nor a party expediency. It is a matter of ethics, which includes statistics, (because prosperity depends always at last upon righteousness) but which cannot be included by them. We are quite willing that our reviewer should prove to his own satisfaction that the South is richer, wiser, stronger, and more religious than the North. Nay, we are only amused when another writer in the same number of the *Review*, (who confesses with singular honesty that "it is impossible for any man to learn to talk like a *gentleman* but by being bred among gentlemen") tells us that the English language is only spoken in its purity to the South of Mason & Dixon's line. This is written and published in a city whose leading men are of French or Scotch descent, and printed in a journal which does not know the difference between "*shall*" and "*will*."

We did not suppose that even a gudgeon could be found anywhere who would so much as nibble at the palpably artificial bait with which our Fisher decorates the ends of his lines. Our simple-minded reviewer evidently has his suspicions. He swims around every surprising "fact," snuffs at it, and says doubtfully once or twice, "if this be true." He has evidently a faint and far-off consciousness that this consideration is of some import. But presently he remembers that there is a gudgeon-public waiting for its quarterly dividend of flummery, and so makes a bold gulp. Yet he cannot help murmuring plaintively to himself, as Mr. Fisher furnishes him with "fact" after "fact," *if this be true!* A melancholy reflection after supping so luxuriously at this Barmecide table, whether one has got nothing but east wind in his belly after all.

After demonstrating that the "peculiar form of civilization" at the South is the very best and happiest for both master and slave, our reviewer glances hastily at the risk of insurrection. But how is this? Is there a man anywhere who cannot tell on which side his bread is buttered, when it is spread thickly on both? In Sheridan's "Critic," Father Thames makes his entrance at the rehearsal with both his banks on one side. Our author is clearly a little puzzled by finding his "facts" in the same position. But instead of rectifying the error like Mr. Puff, and making Thames go out triumphantly "between his banks," he goes all the way back to ancient Athens for a precedent in favor of the less natural arrangement. In the nineteenth year of the Peloponnesian War. Agis seized a fortified Decelea, a village only twelve miles distant from Athens, as an asylum for fugitive slaves. Yet, after ten years, only 20,000 had availed themselves of the refuge.—Spartan protection, however, was not precisely what a slave of judgment would fly to. Our author seems to forget that Decelea on the other side of the great lakes, somewhat more than twelve miles away, to which already more than thirty thousand slaves (according to Mr. Calhoun) have achieved their Exodus. He tells us that there is no instance in history of any serious servile insurrection, although in ancient times there was no difference of color between master and slave. Are we to understand, then, that there is *more* antipathy between races of the same complexion than between white and black? He allows that there have been "uprisings of people whose undoubted rights were trampled on—not of slaves." The inference from this would seem to be that the more people's undoubted rights were trampled on, the less danger there is of their seeking redress. The insurrection of Haiti our author attributes to the instigation of the French Directory. The slaves of South Carolina, he affirms, "in cases of emergency would bare their faithful bosoms in defence of our families and their own" &c. This is on page 307. Turning over the leaf, we find on page 308, that "if ever danger or suffering occur to us from our slave system," "from reckless enthusiasts associated with us in one government, &c., will come all the mischief." But what conjuration and what mighty magic are these enthusiasts to use in order to make rebels of a people who would remain obstinately loyal even in "a contest conducted as the Decelean War, for the express purpose of giving them liberty"? Father Thames will get *between* his banks after all.

Our author next endeavors to persuade himself that in case of disunion the South would be stronger than the North. It would then have (as it ought) *all* the cotton, and *all* the manufactures, and *all* the commerce which are now shared between the two sections. Moreover it "might bring into the field a million of armed men, men born on horseback and with arms in their hands." Cavalry of this sort must be unexpensive, and we admit that we have heard of no such births at the North.

On the whole we take leave of our worthy reviewer in perfect good humor. Like an unskilful chemical manipulator, he tells his audience that when he pours the liquid in one phial into the other a fine blue color will be produced. Unfortunately the impression produced upon the mind of the spectator is of a vivid and undeniable *green*. But this, the confused demonstrator assures him, is of no consequence, since, had the materials been what he took them for, the experiment would have been successful.

We do not need the assurance which is given us in another article that our Southern friends "strive to keep the Yankee schoolmaster at bay." We are quite certain that if either Mr. Fisher or his reviewer could have had the benefit of a winter's attendance at one of our district schools, neither the one nor the other of them would have been capable of such vile cyphering. We are afraid that both of them received their education where the birch is an exotic tree.—J. R. L.

The Barrett Case.

Every number of the *Spartan* brings some news of the progress of this case, which the semi-civilized people of that section of country are evidently determined to make a serious one for poor Barrett. In the last number of that paper we find a report of a meeting which we copy entire as follows:

MASS MEETING OF THE CITIZENS OF SPARTANBURG.

At the call of the Committee of Safety a very numerous assemblage of the citizens of Spartanburg were collected in the Court House. Col. S. N. Evans was called to the Chair, and P. M. Wallace appointed Secretary.

Major Henry explained the object of the meeting, J. W. Tucker, Esq. Maj. J. Edward Henry, Hon. Gabriel Cannon, and the Hon. H. H. Thomson addressed the meeting at length, with great force and eloquence. The Rev. J. G. Landrum being called on made a few very appropriate remarks, at the conclusion of which Dr. J. Winsmith, after a suitable, but short address, presented the following resolutions, which were adopted by acclamation and entire unanimity:

1st. *Resolved* That we, the people of Spartanburg District, cordially approve of the proceedings of the Committee of Vigilance.

2d. *Resolved* That we have full and entire confidence in the prudence, intelligence and energy of all the members of said Committee, and hereby pledge them our co-operation and support.

"Major Henry's" explanation the *Spartan* does not think it worth while to give, probably for the reason that as it was a mass meeting, the people of Spartanburg did not need to be told its object, and those who did not reside there had better not be told. That object, however, was a curious one, and, we venture to say, was never before made the cause of a regular public meeting. Though what indeed can be more curious than all these popular forms and circumstances of a free Government and people used for purposes which in a despotism are usually kept out of sight, and which could not exist if their method of operation were not concealed? The object of this meeting, as we learn from the (Cleveland) *True Democrat* was to prevent the case taking the usual legal course. Barrett was prepared to give bail for his appearance at the proper time, and demanded his release, but the people, who are greater than the law, willed it otherwise! No wonder that the report of a public meeting of grown-up men civilized enough to wear clothes, called with such an object, was obscure!

The *Democrat* gives an extract from a letter of Barrett's touching this meeting. He says:

Myself sick and in prison, was branded, as I learn, with the vilest epithets, and a resolution passed, denouncing as a traitor to his country every good magistrate who would admit me to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars. Mr. Legg bent before the furious tide, and announced on the next day that if the matter was pressed upon him, he must violate his sacred promise, and raise the bail. In the name of justice, why was such a course pursued? Did these men, seeing me a prisoner in the land, in bad health, making every effort to gain an honorable release, upon the terms they themselves had proffered me, and thereby causing my distant friends much expense and trouble, only await their action, till my hopes were almost fulfiled, to have the pleasure of disappointing me? I leave it for the country to determine. If I had committed the most heinous crimes, it were no mitigation of the conduct of men who could so shamefully violate their proffered faith with me. I am justly indignant at such perfidious conduct, but am almost undecided what is proper for me in the future. The antipathy against Ohio and her people especially myself, is so strong here, that a resort to the habeas corpus would doubtless prove a failure, and although I would not cast unmerited censure upon them, many things indicate to me that some of the most influential men will prevent, if possible, my having a fair and honorable hearing in a court of justice. Therefore, although I would not create an unwonted excitement, it seems but justice to me that the authorities of Ohio, of which State I claim to be an humble citizen, should speedily look into my case. It is the duty of the Government to afford protection to her people, when they have not forfeited it by their own misconduct, and when she fails to afford such protection, she fails to accomplish the purpose of her organization. If it can be fairly shown that I am amenable to the laws of this State for any offence I have committed against them, I resign myself calmly to my prison. If otherwise, I demand an honorable release.

This demand for his release, the *Democrat* urges, should be made by the Governor of Ohio,—who will be as likely to listen to the Democrat's suggestion, we take it, as the Governor of South Carolina would be to accede to his demand, should it be made.

The *N. Y. Herald* of this city, of a few morning's since, also contained a letter from Spartanburg, detailing a conversation which the writer had with Barrett. It gives us a rather better notion of the man himself than anything we have yet seen, and we therefore copy it:

In my last, I alluded to a visit I had paid Mr. Barrett, in his cell. I was accompanied by Maj. Legg, who introduced me to that prisoner. I informed him that I was attached to the *Herald*, and should relate whatever occurred in our conversation. He is a young man about twenty-eight years of age, and has rather an intelligent cast of countenance; his hair was very long—his face very pale, and looked as though he had suffered considerable anxiety. His manners are those of a gentleman, and he converses very fluently. I remarked that I was very sorry to see a Northerner in so unpleasant a fix. He replied that it certainly was not a pleasant one, and wanted to know what the people of the North thought of the whole matter. I told him, frankly, that I believed the opinion generally entertained was simply this—that if he had foolishly come South, in connection with the Abolition movement, to produce excitement and anarchy, by disseminating the Brutus papers, he deserved to suffer. He said—"I am not an Abolitionist; I have no connection with them; it can't be proved against me. Even if I were, I have a right to be; but I have not circulated any documents, and it can't be proved. I go for the Wilmot proviso up to the hub. Congress have a right to abolish Slavery in the territories, under the constitution and they ought to do it. There is a large majority in the North that are Free Soilers." He then entered into a discussion and defence of the Free Soil movement, and spoke so clearly on the subject, that I felt certain it was one to which he had devoted a great deal of study and attention. In fact, he remarked to Major Legg that he wrote the Free Soil address to the people of the State of Indiana, and that he made many stump speeches, which had made him many friends, and he had been pronounced a good stump speaker. He said he was in this State merely to get names. "My good sir, I happened in a town where you had but recently passed, and saw the clerk who furnished you with names of people in that town. Every name given you, even the most obscure, who never had before received a paper of any kind, received by the mail a copy of *Brutus*, and white persons whose names were not handed to you, did not receive one." "It was at Anderson. It was not so. I have seen the same names given me, in an almanac, whoever sent the copies of *Brutus*, might have seen those names, and got them from the almanac. There is not a particle of proof against me, except in the copies found on me, and I don't know who sent them to me. I can get out an *habeas corpus*." "Nonsense—I have been among the people of this town to-day; they are awfully excited, and if you were turned loose in this community, you would be lynched as sure as your name is Barrett."

I then related the adventure of the pedlar with the Cincinnati wagon, when he jumped up from his sick bed, and asked Major Legg to produce them. "If," said he, "any Cincinnati Abolitionists have dared to come here to insult this community while I am here in prison, if I know them I will denounce them, declare who they are, and tell of their connections, and come out and expose the whole matter."

Major Legg said, "Barrett, I advise you, as a friend, to order those letters addressed to you now lying in the Anderson Post Office, to be sent to you. Open and read them. It can do no harm, and it's sadly against your case that you don't do it. I tell you honestly if you do not do it, it will result to your prejudice; keep up this excitement and you may postpone your trial six months longer."

"I will think of it, but I won't do it now. I can clear myself. I can get a letter from Brisbane, stating that he never was authorized by me to send any pamphlets."

"It would not do your case any good. People here believe him to be a most infernal scoundrel and a liar. Again, your employers, E. Hammond & Co. sent and subscribed to the *Spartan*. The return mail brought back a copy of *Brutus*, addressed to every man who had an advertisement, or whose name appeared in any manner in that paper. Your friends seem determined to identify you with the movement."

After an hour's conversation, I retired, wishing Mr. Barrett a safe deliverance and hoping he could clearly establish his innocence from all participation in the distribution of the incendiary papers.

Barrett relies on the impossibility of legal proof to convict him. There is not a man in this region who does not honestly believe him guilty of all with which he is charged. His conviction is far less to be dreaded by his friends than his acquital, as in the one case, the severest penalty would be a fine of $1,000 (which the Free Soilers could easily raise by heavy contributions,) and a year's imprisonment; while on the other hand, if the law won't convict him, there are hundreds who believe him morally guilty, and have determined to make him an example. I don't think he could escape out of the district with life, unless leading men should interfere, and connive at his escape secretly. These Brutus letters (there are three) allude to the apparent inequality of the representation in this State, and gives a one-sided view of the matter, in a very plausible statistical table of the representation. The design of these documents is to excite the poorer class of the whites, who do not own many slaves, and who are found principally in the upper districts of this State, against the wealthier population of the lower districts. The best comment on the manner in which these documents are met, is found in the actual state of this district, where it was supposed they would produce the most mischief. There are very few slaves in this district—not twenty slaves are owned by the 800 persons at the meeting I reported yesterday—and yet that meeting would have hung me from their own Court House steps, without trial, if I had been anxious to have been martyred, and got up in the meeting and merely said, "Brutus is right"—"you are a trampled upon community," and "John C. Calhoun is a horrible old sinner." The last sentence particularly, would have insured me instant crucifixion. Good God! Such an idea as that these people are to be excited against their own State government and constitution, and the man who has lived in their service, and devoted half a century to their service, by such miserable spoony stuff as is found in *Brutus!*

This fellow signs himself "Northerner," but he did wisely when he emigrated to Spartanburg. He would have to go a great way to find a more congenial people. The North has a happy riddance of him. That he may make the most of Barrett's case, he tells the following story. He acts his part but clumsily, however, for the slaves, ignorant as they are, are not such fools as ever to have uttered any such nonsense as is here attributed to them in relation to Mr. Clay's visit to that section of country—if he ever made one:

While in prison with Major Legg, he informed me that there was confined in the next cell a negro man, who was to be hung on the 14th of this month. Mr. Legg was the magistrate before whom he was tried and convicted. "It was to me," says the Major, "one of the most painful acts of my life. I had known Eddy ever since I was a boy.—He had worked about my store. He was ever kind, and honest, and peaceable. He is about forty five years of age, his crime was attacking his master with an axe. The penalty is death. The proof of the attack was clear, and although the master is walking about the streets now, there is no hope for Eddy. The excitement is too strong, owing to the Barrett business, and the Governor will not pardon."

"Do you suppose the Barrett excitement had anything to do with Eddy's attempt to murder his master?"

"Indirectly it had. The negroes about here hear of everything that is going on—most of them can read. All these excitements among the community reach them, and produce a certain degree of insubordination. Every slave is a Whig in this district, and they became very much excited. The sentiment was in the mouth of every negro. 'When Massa Clay get to be de President, we be all free, and vote wid de white massas.'

Since Barrett's arrest, besides Eddy's attempt to murder, there have been other signs of an insurrection. In consequence, we have increased our patrol system, and they are more severe with the negroes. Very naturally they curse Barrett, from Dan to Beersheba, and are anxious that he should be disposed of. If placed in their hands, they would kill him directly.

Surrender of Barnburners,

Were we technically a Free Soiler, and had pinned our faith upon the sleeve of John Van Buren, we should without doubt have a good deal of indignation to spare for the unceremonious and final surrender of the party, to the Old Hunkers. Being, however, in no wise a party concerned,—except that we have herein new proof that the position of the Disunionists is the only safe and respectable one—the whole affair, looking back for two years from the time of the Baltimore Convention upto this most lame and impotent conclusion last week at Syracuse, has such an irresistably ludicrous and absurd aspect, that we have not yet accustomed ourselves to regard it as the despicably base act that it unquestionably is. This Free Soil party was ushered into the world with such pomp and circumstance, there was such tremendous proclamation of kettles to trumpets, of trumpets to cannoniers without, and of cannoniers to heaven, such marshalling of ex-Presidents, and ex-Presidents's sons, of potent, grave, and reverend Senators, and of other great men of less degree, so that, as in stirring revolutionary times, "gentlemen served in the ranks," and such spiriting from the past of the mighty shades of departed and sainted patriots, that an unconcerned spectator could not but be struck with awe, and look for the progress of this great and mighty host marching forward to the rescue of the ages, to be as Tony Lumpkin would—perhaps irreverently—have, said in a concatenation accordingly." But then if any Lumpkin could have had a prophetic vision of how absurd the termination of that march would be, even before the birth of the first baby of those unborn generations, which were to be blessed by it; or how like that King of France who

—"With twice ten thousand men
Marched up the hill and then—marched down again."

These ex-Presidents, ex-President's sons, and their followers turned tail, and went back the road they came, abating not one whit the while the clang of their *brazen* instruments, and flaunting none the less their fustian flags, as if the thing they went out to do were done, and all old Hunkerism and other abominations swept away from the face of the earth, then surely might the veriest pumpkin or bumpkin that ever stood in hob-nailed shoes, and scratched his head at the sight of the magnates of the land, have laughed his broadest and loudest at such a spectacle.

And not the least ridiculous feature of this whole farce is the part that the whilom Liberty party plays in it. This, that was to abolish Slavery everywhere—this that was to elect its President, and Senate, and House of Representatives, and with an Anti-Slavery Cabinet, and an Anti-Slavery Congress was to do up clean and handsomely the Anti-Slavery work of this continent, and put all pestilent slaveholders in limbo, and set Liberty fairly on her legs to rule the land, and point all distressed and down-trodden nations of the earth to the 'good time coming,'—which had already come to us,—she the Goddess reigning—this that would pursuade us that James G. Birney, President, was the 'coming man,' in whose presence shackles would fall, the crack of the slave-driver's whip cease, and the tears of the slaves be dried up forever—this, that from such high resolve contented itself at length with the prohibition of Slavery on the other side of the continent, where it has already been abolished, and can only be re-established by direct legislation; this also, at last, has gone to its place and its rest in the bosom of Old Hunkerism! Verily it is worth while to be an Abolitionist, in these days, for the fun of it, to have a free ticket to the play, and become acquainted with all the characters.

That the Barnburners have surrendered, laid down their arms, and marched over in a body to the Hunkers, not even as prisoners but as allies and friends, is known, we presume, to everybody by this time. We confess that we were a little taken by surprise at the suddenness of the thing, for though never absolutely pursuaded that Martin Van Buren, his son John, and their friends had become rabid Abolitionists, we did not look to quite so speedy an end of the demonstration they have seen fit to make in favor of Free Soil. What may have been their original purpose we will not stop now to conjecture—though the event would make that easy—but whatever it may have been, the result is the utter extinguishment of any political opposition whatever to the existence, growth, perpetration, and spread of Chattel Slavery and the Slave-power. How it was done only remains to be told, and that is done in few words.

We published last week the ticket for the ensuing election of the Old Hunkers, and the Resolution by which it was accompanied, holding out the hand of good fellowship to the Barnburners. These on Wednesday of last week, held a Convention at Utica, the result of which was, after small debate, it would seem, the adoption of the following Resolutions, offered by John Van Buren:

3. *Resolved*, That with a view to unite the Democrats of this State in one party organization, this Convention recommends the discharge of both the present State committees, and that hereafter the Democratic State Convention be called as they always were previous to the divisions of the party two years ago, by a meeting or caucus of the Democratic members of the legislature, or such other single organization be formed, as the said members shall recommend.

4. *Resolved*, That Slavery is a moral, social, and political evil; for its introduction into the United States our government is not responsible, and the federal government should relieve itself from responsibility for its existence wherever that government possesses the constitutional power to legislate on the subject.

5. *Resolved*, That Congress has the power over Slavery in the District of Columbia.

6. *Resolved* That Congress has not the power over Slavery in the States.

7. *Resolved*, That the federal government possesses the legislative power over Slavery in the territories, and ought to exercise it so as to prevent the existence of Slavery there.

8. *Resolved*, that this Convention approves the act of the late Pres. Polk, in signing the territorial law for Oregon, thus, under his oath of office, giving his official sanction to the exercise of the constitutional power of the federal government to prohibit by law the existence of Slavery in territory belonging to the United States.

9. *Resolved*, That principle is the only test in politics acknowledged by Democrats, and that their rule of party action is openly to declare and faithfully to carry out in practice the principles they profess.

10. *Resolved*, That in common with the Democratic Convention assembled at Rome on the 15th August last, "We are satisfied that there is such an agreement in favor of the principles of human freedom, as not only authorizes, but demands the re-union of the Democratic party of New York, and that we look to such re-union to preserve all the great principles of civil liberty from the hands of a Whig President, who differs with us in regard to all principles, as far as we know, and to lodge them where they have been heretofore predominant and secure," and that we believe such a re-union can now be accomplished by the nomination of John A. Lott for Comptroller; Levi S. Chatfield for Attorney General; Darius Clark, for States Prison Inspector; and Frederick Follet for Canal Commissioner; and that we, therefore, nominate the said gentlemen to the offices severally before named.

11 *Resolved*. That to complete the Democratic State ticket, we hereby nominate Freeborn G. Jewett, of Onondaga, for the office of Judge of the Court of Appeals; Henry S. Randall, of Cortland, for the office of Secretary of State; Benjamin Welsh, Jr. of Erie, for Treasurer; and Alexander Campbell, of Albany, for the office of State Engineer and Surveyor; and that we pledge to the entire ticket thus nominated, our cordial and unanimous support.

So ended the Free Soil party in this State. It only remained to bury it, and accordingly on Friday a mass Convention was held at Syracuse, where the following Resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That Congress has the constitutional power over Slavery in the District of Columbia, and has no power over the subject in the States. That it possesses, in the opinion of this Convention, full power over the subject in the territories of the United States, and should exert that power on all occasions of attempts to introduce it there: but as the constitutional power is questioned, WE ARE WILLING TO TOLERATE THE FREE EXERCISE OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION OF THAT QUESTION AMONG MEMBERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC FAMILY, WHO ARE WILLING TO RALLY UNDER OUR STANDARD, AND SUPPORT THE TICKET NOMINATED BY THE RECENT STATE CONVENTION.

Resolved, That we cordially concur in, and respond to the nomination made by the action of the Syracuse and Utica Convention, of Freeborn G. Jewett, for Judge of the Court of Appeals, of John A. Lott for Comptroller, of Henry S. Randall for Secretary of State, of Levi T. Chatfield for Attorney General, of Archibald Campbell for State Engineer, Frederick Follet for Canal Commissioner, Benjamin Welch, Jr. for Treasurer, and Darius Clark for State Prison Inspector; and we recommend their hearty and united support at the polls, in the spirit and fidelity with which Democrats have in time past been accustomed to support their candidates for public office.

And that there might be no misunderstanding as to the precise meaning of the words we have put in Capitals, the following Resolution was *rejected*.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the extension of Slavery into the territories of the United States, and that we will use all constitutional means necessary to prevent such extension.

Of the character of the various candidates we know nothing nor is it of the slightest consequence what they are. The Resolutions themselves are sufficient. That the candidates, however, are good enough for the party we are assured by Mr. John Van Buren, who declared that one of them was the family physician of Silas Wright. This certainly should satisfy the conscientious members of the former Liberty party.

REVOLUTION IN CUBA.—More distinct intelligence has been received at New Orleans of preparations for a revolution in Cuba, in expectation, probably, of the promised aid from the United States. The Governor had called out the Militia of the Island, though no overt act had as yet been committed. The want of the expected aid from the country may, perhaps, check all further proceedings for the present.

A SLAVE IN ENGLAND.—The Rev. J. W. C. Pennington writing from London under date of June 24th to the *Tribune* relates a recent incident as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I witnessed an incident a few days ago which, I have no doubt will be interesting to you. Being at 57 New-Broad st. I was introduced to a fugitive from American Slavery. He was a man about my color and size. He could not tell his age, but I should think he was 45. He had been the slave of William Hunter of New Orleans. He attempted to fly from Slavery about two years since, and was overtaken, received *one hundred and sixty lashes*, and wore an iron collar six months. His next opportunity occurred to get on board of an English vessel. After they had been out three weeks, he was discovered in the hatchway where he was concealed. The captain appeared to be enraged; he ordered a sand-bag to be tied to his feet, and said he would throw him overboard; that freak over, he ordered him to be tied up, saying he would flog him. When all was ready, he went to him, looked at his back, and said, "*Well. I don't see any place left to flog.*" When he arrived in Liverpool, he ordered him to be kept concealed until night, and then he gave him a suit of clothes four shillings in money, and started him for London. He came to London and presented himself before the Lord Mayor, who was then sitting in Court; he gave him some money out of the poor-box, and ordered lodgings to be provided for him. The next day he was brought to the Anti-Slavery Office, and will go from here to one of the British islands. One fact in this case has struck me with great force—I may say with alarming force—that an English captain should hide a fugitive from American Slavery after he gets into Liverpool! Here you see American Slavery reaching forth its blood-stained hand all over the world, feeling after his victim, and seizing by the throat all who dare aid him. Brother, I tell you we need not fly from American Slavery to any part of the world. We must meet it on the Continent and conquer it there, or we are dead men, go where we may!

THE FREE-SOILERS of Massachusetts held an enthusiastic meeting last week at Worcester, and nominated Stephen C. Phillips of Salem, and John Mills of Springfield, as their candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor at the ensuing election.

GERRIT SMITH and his friends held what they were pleased to call a State Convention at Cortland Village a few days since, to make their nominations for the ensuing election, and they are as follows:

For the Judge of the Court of Appeals, William Goodell.
For Secretary of State, Samuel R. Ward.
For Comptroller, Lewis Tappan.
For State Treasurer, Charles D. Miller.
For Attorney General, John Thomas.
For State Engineer and Surveyor, Abraham S. Marinas.
For Canal Commissioner, Joel C. Harrington.
For Inspector of State Prison, Francis Leslie.

Some of these men we have heard of before, and some not, but whether they are well qualified for the several offices for which they are nominated or not, is a matter of small moment, as the whole State vote of the party would not probably be enough to elect Gerrit Smith constable in his own village. If there were however, the remotest chance of the success of the ticket we should feel imperatively bound to issue a new edition of that excellent and popular little work, 'The Transfer of The Emancipation;' for the Comptroller, we believe, has charge of the State funds.

Mr. Smith's corporal's guard, we observe, still calls itself the Liberty Party. That name, we should think, they would be glad to get rid of. The name of the party that lapsed from a profession of Anti-Slavery to Free Soilism, and then into Old Hunkerism, can never be a credit to anybody.

HAITIAN EMPIRE.—Advices have been received from Port au Prince to the 28th ulto. bringing the news of the proclamation of an Empire by the Senate and Chamber, and the crowning of Soulouque as Emperor under the title of Faustin I.

DISMISSAL OF THE FRENCH MINISTER.—M. Poussin, Envoy from France to this Government, received notice on Monday that his passports were prepared for him. The difficulty it is said, arose from some objectionable language used by the French Minister in a correspondence with Mr. Clayton relative to indemnity for a French ship damaged at Vera Cruz during the Mexican War. Stocks fell in consequence, in this city, on Tuesday, but there is little danger that France and the United States will go to war for a hot or hasty word.

To Correspondents.

A. W. The persons you refer to are probably impostors in pretending to be just what they are; but then properly no beggar is an impostor, as he is poor enough to beg, and so poor enough to need relief. We wish there were no worse impostors than the poor creatures who live upon alms, though nine out of ten of them may simulate some particular wretchedness to which they are not entitled.

G. B. The case has arrived, and is duly cared for. Everything, we hope, was passed safely through the Custom-house rummaging; the chief article is in perfect condition. The letters we will forward by mail.

N. M. OF PORT BYRON. If he choose to pay the same amount he can have the same number of papers. We are always ready to make a discount to individuals who subscribe for a number of papers for circulation.

E. G. Package at 21 Cornhill.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XLVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent magnifieth himself.—His Prophetic Character.—His skill in Hagiology.—His despair at St. Zachary's slipping through his fingers.—He groaneth in spirit over the things that are not.—He maketh an Historical Allusion and quoteth Shakspeare.—He is comforted by the escape of the Toads.—He traceth the connection between Patriotism and Herpetology.—He apostrophizeth Toads and commendeth them.—He showeth the connection between Steam and Royal and Presidential Progresses.—He disparageth the charms of the Rulers and parenthetically exalteth himself.—He explaineth the causes of Washington's and Monroe's Tours and expoundeth the meaning of "the Era of Good Feelings."—He showeth why the former ways were better than these.—Also how it used to be done.—He narrateth the contest between Hancock und Washington.—And how the point of precedence was settled.—He telleth of the defeat of Mr. Palfrey and giveth of his opinions liberally and withholdeth them not touching the Free Soil Party.—&c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, September 14th, 1849.

Two years ago, I remember, I recorded in one of my epistles to you the Vision in which, with the prophetic sagacity for which I am distinguished, I foresaw the glories of the present day and predicted the canonization of the Sacred Warrior who was then engaged in the Holy work of cutting the throats of wretches who, as professors of a religion abhorrent to the hearts of the Evangelical North and as the possessors of lands precious in the sight of the Chivalrous South, were doubly and deservedly our foes. I also beheld in that beatific Vision the day of the advent of Holy Zachary to this city of the Puritans and promised that I would furnish a record of the same to be transmitted to the latest posterity upon the pages of your immortal hebdomadal. Judge then of my despair at having the cup of fulfilment dashed from my lips at the very moment when it seemed to be commended unto them by the change of plans which has carried our beloved Chief Magistrate back to the White House, leaving these high priests who had been preparing fit sacrifices for their idol, and we more important historians of the same (for of what avail would their labors be were it not for us?) equally in the lurch! Alas, for the processions and the cavalcades! Wo is me for the gold lace, the cocked hats and the cock's tails! Well a-day for the well-conned *extempore* addresses, for the well-cooked elaborate dinners for the Receptions and the Soirees, for the handshaking of the men and, ah me! for the kissing of the women! And to have these glories vanish when they were just ready to beam upon us! And that too in the dead season of the year, when Correspondents perish for lack of matter! 'Tis almost enough to shake the steadfast enthusiasm of one's loyalty for the Second Washington.

All the little great men who were practising to look as big as they could, all citizens who profit by the congregating together of their kind, tavern-keepers, stablers, liquor-dealers, gamblers and pickpockets, all *quid nuncs* and sight seers, all the sundry editors, letter-writers and penny-a-liners, might well send a Committee to Washington to scold the President, as the Julian Conspirators did Ligarius, for falling sick at so very inopportune a moment.

"O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!"

But, as there are compensations in all calamities, as "every black must have its white, and every sour its sweet," and inasmuch as there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that doth not entirely displease us, so we may draw a humane consolation from the thought of the myriads of innocent and useful lives that have been spared, or at least reprieved, by this casualty. Think of the countless thousands of *Toads* that would have fallen victims, a new Massacre of the Innocents, a Herpetologic Holocaust, in honor of the Feast of this new Saint in our New England Kalendar! Toads, more precious than turtle and more to be desired than fine venison, how would ye have been gobbled up! How would ye have been rolled like a sweet morsel under the tongue of politician and of priest, of Governor, of Mayor and of Alderman! Why should this once abhorred, but now cherished, inhabitant of our gardens be the chosen sacrifice to greatness? Surely, he is better worth than his devourers

Steam has much to answer for in these latter days. Many a heavy bill for the luxury of loyalty has it made John Bull to foot during the gadding reign of Victoria I., and many a long score has it run up for Brother Jonathan to wipe out for the expensive pleasure of looking upon the ugly faces (a slang author would say "mugs,") of the later Presidents. In the good old times when it took a week's hard travelling to go from New York to Boston and a month's from Washington, a Presidential Tour was a serious undertaking for an elderly gentleman who had seen service, and consequently it was a rare occurrence. None of the Presidents from Washington to Monroe attempted such an expedition, and theirs were political measures which seemed to be called for by the complexion of the times. The young Union, just born and baptized into the name of Slavery, needed the *prestige* of its great sponsor Washington to give it life and strength in the doubting hearts of the People. And upon the accession of President Monroe the lull in the strife of the conflicting elements, which had been in reality a strife between the South and the North, of the elements of Slavery and Liberty, immediately consequent upon the Fall of Napoleon, gave an opportunity for the Inauguration of "the Era of Good Feelings," which, being interpreted, means the quiet submission of the North to the domination of the South, by the imposition of the President's hands. But since the institution of Railways we have had Presidents Jackson, Tyler and Polk, in rapid succession, and Taylor yet impends over us. For, like the Eclipse at Dublin in Swift's time, his visit is only postponed to a more convenient season.

But, after all, though Steam is Travelling made Easy for Presidents as well as for other folks, still I must say that it is much less like a Progress of the Head of a Nation than the old plan. Now, the Great Man is magnified only at the chief cities and populous towns which form the *termini* of the iron roads. Then, it was a continual triumph, and at every successive village, he was met by the Selectm

very from going further than the indefinite boundary of Texas. Oratory became as free and cheap as water. "Free Speech and Free Men" was the watchword of every man who could speak clearly. Taylor-men and the Cass party were attacked generally by a hard, dry cough, when accosted on the question of extending slave territory.

Since then the election has been held. Taylor was elected, and the Slavery party (not the Whigs proper) has the Congress. The Free-Soilers found when the canvass was finished—to use a phrase from the checker-board—that they were *skunked*. It was a general impression that their principles were pointed the right way; but that they were the devices of a feeble minority, not to be at all depended upon. Bankrupt politicians had negociated the paper, and it would not pass as sound currency.

Hence it was that when Hunkerdom arose in its glory and invited the Free Soil leaders to conference at Rome, the latter were far more eager to obey than their opponents were to issue the call. They could not think of joining the Whigs, who had stolen Gen. Taylor, whom they had wished to nominate, and so compelled them to fall back upon Martin of Lindenwald. John Van Buren was not to blame for the failure last August to unite the parties. Croswell and the wire-pullers of the ultra Slavery party were under instructions from the South, and, therefore, overruled every attempt to compromise. Though they had "popped the question," they would not consent to a betrothal under the new law which allows married women the disposal of their own property.

Since then, however, the Barnburners desirous to have the bans published, have called a Mass Convention of both parties to do the desired work. It is not the Wilmot Proviso for which they are struggling. They are hungry for the spoils. But they might as well give up that idea. The Whigs like vultures have got their talons fastened in the neck of their prey, and are determined to be satiated after their long fast. It is a moral certainty that they will carry the fall election.

The Liberty Party are polishing their armor. They have just nominated a ticket, and set forth their theory of righteous civil government. After all, this little faction is not fairly understood by your readers. They are composed of Smith men and the friends of Beriah Green—the former a Free Church man, and the latter a sectarian zealot. They are all advocates of law and order, sustained, if need be, by insurrections and armies. Gerrit Smith upholds the text that the United States Constitution is Anti-Slavery to the utmost extent. No Legislation whatever—he once assured me—could make legal a statute or article which trespassad on human liberty. So that we may justly infer that when he is elected President he will consider his oath to support the Constitution, to be no more nor less than swearing to carry out its measures in accordance with his favorite idea of righteous civil government. I mention this because I think Mr. S. is sometimes unintentionally misrepresented. As to the merit or wisdom of the present Liberty Party of New York, I leave every man to judge for himself.

The Fast of Zachary passed off as fasts always do. It gave an opportunity to enlarge phylacteries—lengthen out prayers—glorify our free institutions—forget to repent of war, Slavery, hypocrisy—have a leisure day—and look about. Credit is due to some of our clerical friends in this vicinity, that in their fast orations they did give a good testimony against the Mexican War. Some of them affirmed that the cholera was a judgment from Heaven sent on that account. As proof, the generals engaged, and the advocates of the iniquity, had suffered most from the pestilence. I guess it was not exactly so. I had a touch of the malady myself, and I was always dead set against the war. On Fast-day I attended a funeral (in the forenoon)—had my sentiments called Infidel, for not believing in a flesh and blood resurrection (1. Cor. 15: 50) and not wishing to copy the bulrush piety, abstained from going to the Fast discourse in the after part of the day, and went out visiting friends. About two thirds of our Whigs fasted and prayed in accordance with the words of the President, that *in his own good time* the Lord would stop the Cholera. Suppose they had not done so, how much later than that would he do it? I do not think, friend Gay, that you are a very Godly man; but considering your early education, I think you can tell me something. The bother after all is, I guess, that the Lord never heard a word of all the praying. He is rather particular, and demands genuine repentance. A real reformation would prove a bitter pill to slavocrats; rather too unpalatable for the taste of Zachary Himself.

The Cholera is prevalent in many of our villages; mortality great. The summer has been very dry—vegetables are stunted—grass dried up—and till recently disease threatened to paralyze many of our people. Seasonable rains have come.

In conclusion, I must confess that Garrison was about right when he regarded the demoralizing influence of a Presidential election as a greater evil than Cholera. Nobody pretends to be honest—hardly stating facts at all; all quarrel, yet agree to set aside integrity, justice and civil rights to all: and before the evil is healed or its operations stayed, on comes a new campaign. A Heraclitus—and I am of that order, in spite of my speech—might weep himself blind; a Democrite might laugh himself crazy; but Diogenes would appear in better keeping with his lantern at noonday, looking up a virtuous man. Long faces and amplified prayers on Sunday, and everything you please all the rest of the week. So it goes.

To-day, I believe, is set apart to the Barnburners Mass Convention. Time will show whether they effect a harmonizing conjunction. I am most curious to know what would be done with the Liberty party—Stanton & Co. The State Fair at Syracuse has all the Lions, and Hon. Henry Clay greeted the eyes of his adorers on the 12th at Rome, where he stopped on this way to the Fair. If labor was sure of reward, that man must be President; but demagoguism is at a discount, the military kind excepted. But I am getting prosy.

Yours ever, PHI.

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Paris.

VERSAILLES, August 28th, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will naturally wish to have some account of the Peace Congress to present to your readers, and I therefore will attempt to put the proceedings of the three days, into as condensed a form as possible, though at the risk of losing in the process of abridgement something of the interesting and amusing character of the occasion. It was both of these, in the highest degree. Imagine the Salle St. Cécile, in the Chaussee d'Antin, where we always go to concerts, *Matinées musicales* and the like, and which is capable of containing, if closely packed, 1800 or 2000 persons—imagine this hall, completely fitted up for a public meeting after the Anglo Saxon fashion, with platform, president's chair, secretaries' tables, &c., while the orator's stand was arranged after the French manner, like a pulpit, so as to conceal the lower half of the person. But for this, and the *huissier*, with his great steel chain of office, and the array of conveniencies for the French speaker's indispensable *Eau sucreé*, one might have imagined oneself in New England, so like was all the platform furniture. Above and around, were the flags of all nations harmoniously intertwined as emblems of the occasion. The Hall divided in half by a crimson-covered impassible barrier, indicated the manner in which the preliminary meetings had decided that the Convention should be constituted; and persons were accordingly directed as they entered, if gentlemen-delegates, to take the side nearest the platform—if lady-visitors, to pass to the other side of the barrier. Besides these two classes of attendants on the Convention, to whom tickets of admission were furnished respectively, as members and as visitors, there was a third class, composing rather more than half the assembly, styled "simple spectators," a large proportion of which was French. Among these imagine us seated, and so near the barrier as to have convenient communication with such of the delegates as were either our personal friends or the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause; of whom many, we foresaw, would be present; since the gospel of peace has been, from the beginning, the preparation for the feet of those that climb the difficult paths to Liberty. Such would therefore naturally feel the deepest interest for the right organization and subsequent conduct of the Congress. All such could not but lament, in the first place, that the War spirit of the day should show itself so much more sagacious than the Peace spirit. Women, by hundreds, have just been fighting in the Italian ranks, and have even in many instances commanded the troops as officers,—it is little known, but, I am assured, true, that many are now enrolled in the British Navy:—men received their help gladly in War, but reject it where it would be most appropriate and effectual in the composition of their Councils of Peace. How can it be hoped that women will not be equally with men, deluded by the vain glory of war, while called upon to bless and present its banners and raise unhindered influences in its behalf? It is not thus that this Congress styling itself universal has welcomed aid from *all* who were ready to give it. You will see at once that these remarks are not elicited by any feeling of repressed activity on my own part, for I could not conscientiously have joined it, had the way been open. There was a moral unnaturalness in the idea that presided at its formation which would have prevented me from doing so, even had all persons been invited, as in the American Anti-Slavery Societies. Progress—the going on from strength to strength, is the natural moral order; but in this instance, the more advanced members announced to the Congress their desire that its basis should be a measure—like the substitution of *arbitration* for *battle*; not a *principle*—like the inviolability of human life, or the sinfulness of violence. What they have done need not have been left undone; but by the omission of the spiritual and intellectual element, they leave their movement at the same disadvantage as the human body suffers in hemiplegia—the paralysis of one entire side. The intelligent reformer should be philosopher and psychologist enough to recognize the *dual* nature of man, which calls not only for *measures*, but for the last analysis of the *reasons* for them; and to accept and provide for all the consequences of man's twofold organization. It is childish when not unprincipled, to shrink from probing our subject. If there be a member of the recent Congress who feels all war, national or individual, to be sinful by reason of its constituent principle—violence—physical outrage—an exaltation of the brutal over the spiritual,—what essential agreement can there be between him and that other member, who thinks of war only as unwise and unadvisable financially speaking, but yet unavoidable in case of assault. It may not be a very heinous offence against the moral nature, for the former to be silent while the latter marks, as did this Congress, the degree to which improved means of inter-communication have carried the civilization of the present age. Still I would not willingly come to an agreement with myself even for an hour, to make a retrograde movement for the sake of a seeming union with those I must go backward to meet. The Convention was composed of two sorts of persons: those who saw farther and knew better than they showed on this occasion, and those who were standing on the outermost verge of their knowledge, contemplating a subject which they had not yet examined. You will see I praise the latter more than the former on this occasion. They will not feel flattered hereafter, when they find that a doubt of their good sense and good temper prevented the presentation of known truth to their minds. By way of compensation, however, the governments of Europe may feel complimented by the by-law adopted forbidding any direct allusion to the political events of the day. This is what statesmen are apt to call prudence, and philanthropists tempted to count Christian courtesy. However it may promote the temporary *prestige* of an enterprise, it is fatal to ultimate success. Courage and truth *need* not clash with good sense and good manners. It is not too late to supply the great deficiency that a mistaken idea of unity, prudence and forbearance occasioned in the proceedings of the Convention, by the use of a vigorous and faithful, as well as courteous pen, in the paper directed to be prepared hereafter by way of address on the subject of Peace and War, to the Governments of Europe and America.

When the hour and the men had both arrived, Mr. Garnier, editor of the *Journal des Economistes*, came forward announcing that the assembly would be speedily organized after the ordinary manner, and in the meantime the names of the delegates would be read.

(VOICES FROM THE CENTRE.) *Commencez par les etrangers: l'hospitalité d'abord!* Mr. Richards of England, then read the names of the most distinguished English delegates. The whole number, I since learn, counting both delegates and visitors, i. e., men and women, amounted to nearly 600. The name of Richard Cobden was received with the warmest applause, he being quite as well known in France as in England, not merely as a distinguished political man in his own country, but personally, from the fact of his having addressed Free-trade meetings in all the principal cities of France. The names of Mr. Ewart, M. P. Mr. Brotherton, M. P. Mr. Hindley, M. P. Joseph Sturge, Edward Miall, of the *Non-Conformist*, the Rev. John Burnet, Dr. Godwin, Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, Henry Vincent, the leader of the peaceful chartist movement, Richard D. Webb of Dublin, Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Henry Wigham, Mr. Carr, and John Scoble, are the ones that will for various reasons be most interesting to your readers.

M. Garnier then read the names of the French delegates, among whom were the Archbishop of Paris, who gave in his adhesion in a letter, which was received with immense applause from both French and English.

M. Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine; M. Chevalier, who has published a book of travels in the United States, and is a professor of political economy; Larochefoucauld Liancourt, President of the Society of Christian Morals; Horace Say, Counsellor-of-State, and the son of Jean Baptise Say, whose writings on political economy are so well known in the United States; M. Coquerel, the Protestant minister, nephew of Helen Maria Williams, and a member of the House of Representatives; Victor Hugo, the poet, novelist, orator and politician, wider known in the United States as the author of the Hunchback of Notre Dame, also a member of the house; Bastiat, Berville, all three members of the House; Cormenin, Counsellor of State; Emile Girardin, editor of *La Presse*, who has labored against duelling since he caused the death of Armand Carrel, and against War, since he took the opposition against the present government. There was no lack of distinguished French names. Mr. Elihu Burritt read the names of the American Delegation, among whom were the Hon. Mr. Durkee of Wisconsin, Rev. Wm. Allen, D. D., of Northampton, Mass., Amasa Walker, of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Rev. Mr. Pennington, Rev. Asa Mahan, President of Oberlin Institute, with Mr. Hill, also of Oberlin, W. W. Brown, also a delegate to Europeans, of the American A. S. Society, Rev. Joseph Allen of Northampton, Mass, the Rev. Cyrus Pierce, Mr. Hurlburt, Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Mr. Burritt read his own name last, which was received with warm and general applause, which untiring labors in the formation of the Congress most richly merited at its hands. Mr. Garnier then rose and said, "We could have desired to choose our officers (*former notre bureau*)) in general assembly. But to avoid loss of time, we have named a board from among the members which we hope will have the approbation of the assembly. It will be composed as follows: For President, M. VICTOR HUGO. [*Universal and prolonged cheering.*] all the assembly rising. Vice Presidents, for France, L'abbé Deguerry and the Pastor Coquerel; for England, Richard Cobden, M. P. and Charles Hindley, M. P.; for the United States, Mr. Durkee; for Belgium, M. Aug. Wischers; for Germany, Dr. Carolus." Each official came forward and took his place as his name was called, and was received with warm applause by the assembly.

One of the Vice-presidents then named the Secretaries as follows:

M. Garnier for France; Richards for England; Burritt for the United States; Ziegler for Germany. (*Applause.*) Victor Hugo then addressed the Assembly. A more lucid and beautiful opening speech it has seldom been my fortune to hear. I enclose it for you herewith, as I cut it from the *Presse*, which contains by far the completest report of the proceedings of any paper I have seen. I have not time to translate it. I can merely give you the few striking thoughts that I recollect, as I heard them:

"*Gentlemen*,—From all even the most distant parts of the globe, from all ranks, classes and sects, Philosophers, Ministers, Statesmen; so many of whom are of that public and popular character which makes you the lights of your nation and your age, with hearts overflowing with one holy and religions thought, yon have thronged hither, to date from Paris the assertion of those deep, sacred convictions which seek the good not of one nation alone, but of all the people that dwell upon the earth. You come to exhibit a higher principle of action than any which has heretofore influenced Statesmen and Legislators. You come to turn over, so to speak, that latest, grandest page of the gospel which enjoins peace on all the children of the same God; and in this city, which has hitherto decreed only the fraternity of citizens, you come to proclaim the fraternity of men."

You may imagine the enthusiasm with which so happy an opening was received. The close was not less pertinent and eloquent: "Let me say in conclusion, (and the thought ought to operate as encouragement) that the first step of human progress in this providential path, does not date from to-day. In our old Europe, England took the first step, and by her example perpetual, she has said to the people—you are free! France has taken the second step, and has said to the people—you are sovereign! Now let France, England, Germany, Italy, Europe entire and America together, proclaim to the nations—you are brethren! This was followed by what the French call "Frenzied and prolonged applause,"—the assembly on its feet.

The business was conducted like that of the Courts of Justice in New-Orleans, in French and English; but the delay in consequence was very slight. In accordance with a very pertinent suggestion of Joseph Sturge, the long speeches were never translated; much time was thus saved. The Convention owed much to the business tact of M. Coquerel, whose perfect knowledge of many languages and admirable facility in the translation and condensing, saved much valuable time. I shall translate his principal speech for your 3d page, as soon as I am able, with that of the Abbé Deguerry, which was full of feeling and of fire. This gentleman has not always been a priest. He was in the first place a lawyer, then a soldier; and must be now in consequence, as you will readily conceive, a highly accomplished man. In the midst of his speech, a paper was handed him from the crowd. His animated face turned pale, his head was bowed, and his whole attitude expressed painful emotion. "I am reminded," he said, "that this day is the Anniversary of that mournful, terrible day, the massacre of St. Bartholomew;" but it was in vain that he endeavored to proceed. It was needless to do so. His look said more of sorrow and abhorrence than any words could have done. His position by the side of his intimate friend, the Protestant pastor Coquerel, and addressing a Congress, principally Protestant in behalf of peace, told all he would have said. Victor Hugo in his eloquent concluding speech, expressed in words what all were able to read so clearly in the attitude and expression of countenance of the Abbé Dugerry. "Yes, my brethren, my friends," said Victor Hugo, "I will entertain the lamentable remembrance that his feelings obliged him to repel. Yes—on this day 277 years ago, this very Paris, where you now stand, was fearfully roused at midnight by the tolling of the *cloche d'argent* at the palace of justice.—The Catholics sprang to arms, the Protestants were surprised in their sleep,—and a fearful massacre—a crime in which was mingled all the hatred of the times, civil, political and religious, a crime of the most abominable character, was accomplished. But to-day—to-day, in this same city, God gives a rendezvous to all these hates and bids them be converted into love. (Rapturous applause.) God now withdraws its fatal character from this funereal Anniversary, and bids a ray of glorious light stream from the day that so long has borne the stain of blood. Instead of vengeance, fanaticism and war, he gives reconciliation, tolerance, and peace, and thanks to the progress which His Sovereign will has caused, precisely on this fatal date of the 24th of August, and in the very shadow, so to speak, of the tower (still standing) which rung out the St. Bartholomew, not only Englishmen and Frenchmen, Europeans and Americans, but those then called Papists and those they named Huguenots, now acknowledge each other as brethren, and are united in strict and henceforth indissoluble amity. (Explosion of applause, reiterated and prolonged.) Dare henceforth to deny progress! (Applause.) Dare henceforth to deny progress! Mark him who does it for a blasphemer; for whosoever denies progress denies Divine Providence. Both are identical. Progress is but one of the human names of the Eternal God. (Deep feeling and applause.) Brethren, I accept your acclamations, to hand them over to future generations. (Applause.) Yes—let this day be forever memorable; let it mark the termination of the effusion of human blood—the end of massacre and war. Let it usher in the advent of peace and concord to the world. Let it now be said, the 24th of August 1572, fades away, and disappears beneath the 24th of August 1849." (*Long and humorous applause, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, concluding with a universal three times three, timed by Mr. Cobden.*)

This was the close of the Convention, but to arrive at it I have omitted a vast number of interesting particulars, some of which I must return and gather up. The speech of Emile Girardin must not be forgotten. He is a very able and eloquent man, whose low, square figure, folded arms, and compactly arranged hair, are after the Napoleon model. His journal, the *Presse*, has been the organ of the Convention, and the previous and subsequent advocate of the cause. You will have an idea of his position as a peace man and his style as a writer, from the following extract from his speech. His idea is the reduction of the army as a measure of financial relief and sound political economy: "Friends of Peace," he said, "it may be that the least advanced governments will be deaf to your voice when you urge them to submit their contested questions to arbitration, but all the nations will listen when you propose to them the reduction of Armies to the proportion of the two hundredth part of the whole population of the nation; Abolition of the Conscription; Free choice of Pursuits and Occupations; Diminution of Taxes; Extension of the Banking Privilege; release of Mortgaged Property; improvement of circulation under every form—whether of Men, Merchandise, money, Steamboats, Railroads, Banks.

"Finally, the union of nations by the progress of the idea of unity, by reciprocity of exchanges, by general prosperity and community of effort."

"All this," he continued, "is contained in these two words "*organized peace*," which must never be confounded with "peace at whatever cost." The latter is to the former what risk is to insurance, what ignorance is to knowledge, what folly is to reason, what subjugation is to liberty.

"But I hear it said that great armies are necessary for the maintenance of order. But does not order reign in England and the United States. Finish your rail-roads, and 100,000 men will be equal to a million of soldiers. How? Thus: A single regiment on its march, must have at least ten days to go over the same distance of ground that, by rail-road it could accomplish in *one* day. Thus, by means of rail-roads, we may reduce the expense of the army without diminishing its strength. Order would be as great a gainer by it as liberty. Let it not be said that armies are necessary to prevent revolutions: Were there not 500,000 men under arms when the revolution of February burst out? No! good administration, good economy with reference to the intentions of the tax-payer—that modern sovereign, (*tres bien—tres bien*) (is not the true sovereign he who *pays?*) these are the true means of preventing revolutions?"

How can I find room for the many good things which crowd on and demand a place in your columns? John Burnet and Edward Miall and Henry Vincent spoke. The latter was particularly applauded by the French. M. Girardin said, he desired of all things for his country that liberty which had produced such men as the English workman who had addressed them. When he listened to that admirable facility of expression, he had renounced his own written discourse, and though not a man of the tribune had preferred to address the Assembly in an unpremeditated manner, which might perhaps lack method, for he was no orator. His head was bowed with shame at the thought that the French people showed lack of faith in that Liberty so fertile in able men. M. Boubet, who is a representative of the people, and was a vice president of the Congress at Brussels last year, complained of the by-law which interdicted all allusion to the political events of the day, and declared that he could not conscientiously submit to it. Was it not expecting the cure of a wound without looking at it or touching it. Yesterday he had been unable to speak on the question, for at that moment he learned at Paris the news of the submission of the Hungarians, and the termination of that heroic struggle which has excited the admiration of Europe (much applause—cries of *tres bien—tres bien*).

I must not omit to tell you of Mr. Cobden's excellent speech in French, which was received most warmly by the French auditory. It was called for afterwards in English, but lost much of its *finesse* and point in the translation which he attempted. It was a financial appeal to the Governments of France and England; an exposition of the folly, hypocrisy, and self-defeating nature of preparations for war, and an appeal to the good feeling and good sense of the auditory which could not but be appreciated. He closed by declaring that in his opinion, the men who, in these difficult times, were charged with the government of nations, owed sincere thanks to the members of the Congress for having facilitated the disarmament called for by humanity and good policy, by giving each other the hand, *par dessus* l'Atlantique et *La Manche*. This untranslatable *jeu de mots* delighted the French auditory.

Mr. Frederick Bastait, a representative of the people, thought France might safely take the initiative in the matter of disarmament. The universality of her language and the diffusion of her literature were a more powerful defence than her armies. While she had great writers like him who now presided here (applause) and like Lamartine who regretted not to be here also, her influence could never diminish. He spoke in the warmest manner of the acknowledgments due to America where the Abolitionists, in the prosecution of the work of abolishing Slavery, had taught the world that moral strategy by which alone he could hope success in bringing war to an end.

But the thing that most interested us, as it will your readers, was the success of our friend William W. Brown in addressing the audience. So many are naturally desirous to speak on such an occasion that an unknown man can hardly hope an opportunity; but our friend's *color* and his *cause*, the two very reasons that would have prevented his obtaining a hearing in the United States, removed all obstacles here. Our friends R. D. Webb and Cockran and many others interested themselves warmly on the occasion, and when he rose on the platform the general feeling of the assembly sustained him notwithstanding the efforts of the huissier, in the performance of his functions to keep him down, his name not being on the list of speakers. He spoke about five minutes amid the most cordial applause having been introduced by M. Coquerel as a fugitive slave, whose good character and abilities had enabled him to attain his liberty and to appear before them in the character of a delegate of the American Peace Society. His ideas were as follows. I cut the slip from the *Galignani*:

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN said, that at so advanced a stage of the proceedings he should not have thought of taking up the time of the meeting, were it not that he desired at the Peace Congress of Paris to protest against the existence of the war element, which condemned three millions of men in the United States to Slavery. (Cheers.) He had been a slave for 20 years, and he could speak from experience on the point. He could utter his sentiments with perfect freedom in Paris; but he could not do that in the Capital of the United States; were he to do so, his life would be in danger. Slavery had now been abolished in almost every country in Europe, whilst, shameful to say, it still existed in America. France, in her revolution of 1848, had rendered not only her inhabitants at home free, but had set her slaves, in Martinique and Guadaloupe at liberty. He wanted to have the same effect produced in the United States. That could only be done by the destruction of the war element of which he had spoken. The dissemination of principles of peace, he firmly believed, would be the best means of leading to the emancipation of the slave population in the United States. (Hear, hear).

This was instantly translated by M. Coquerel, and received most enthusiastically. Being such good seed, it did not fail to bring forth plenty of fruit afterwards, and the end is not yet. M. Emile Girardin writes as follows in his journal *La Presse*, respecting Mr. Brown, and his effort on this occasion: "This young black spoke admirably. He astonished the auditory by the abundance and the profundness of his ideas. In pleading against Slavery, the cause at once and the consequence of wars, he necessarily pleaded for peace. Bravos and hurrahs welcome I this escaped slave, who had received from civilization nothing but hatred, and who rendered it in return only love." All that took place afterwards at the magnificent soiree given to the Congress by M. de Tocqueville, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and how, when presented to Madame de Tocqueville, she took him by the hand, which is, among the French, an expression of especial sympathy, and not accorded to every one, and welcomed him with the friendliest cordiality, and how Victor Hugo next claimed the same personal recognition, and how not only on that brilliant evening but walking the streets of Paris since persons addressed him who, speaking but little English, were obliged to write their expressions and kindly feeling, for his perseverance in calling attention to the great curse of his country, and how, at the breakfast given by the English delegation in the *jeu de paume* (the spot where the *tiers etat* retreated after Louis XVI had dissolved the States General) how, I say, at that *déjeuner* Mr. Allen, D. D. of Northampton, Massachusetts, declared that the United States General Government had nothing to do with Slavery, and how the American delegation gathered round him in rebuke, and how the English shamed him into silence, and how Mr. Brown proceeded after the whole occasion was over, and how the French Government threw open all the grand palaces and public places to the Congress on the simple exhibition of their cards as delegates, and how the Commandant of Versailles rode on horseback on the following Monday from fountain to fountain through the magnificent park of Versailles to exhibit the *grandes eau* which the Government had ordered to play expressly for the Congress—will it not all be told in Mr. Brown's letter to the *Liberator*? Take the *Liberator* all who would have the particulars, is the direct inference. I must say one word more about these hospitalities of the French Government, about which too much cannot be said. What other nation has so much to show or could exhibit it with such a grace? Orders were forwarded in advance to the Custom House at Boulogne to pass all the the luggage of the delegates without examination. The great water-works at Versailles which play only four times a year, and which had been in operation only the day before, it being the fête of St. Louis, the patron Saint of Versailles, were ordered to play again the next day expressly for the Congress, because the fête of St. Louis was on Sunday, and the Government were too polite to run counter to English opinions on the subject of the Sabbath. The English gentleman who returned thanks in the name of the Congress, claimed this courtesy of the French Government as sympathy for Sabatarianism. It should be remembered, in order properly to appreciate this courtesy, that a special order for the play of the waterworks has never before been issued by the French Government, except for the benefit of sovereigns; and that the expense of every such courtesy is 30,000 francs.

The Congress abounded in happy ideas felicitously put in practice. For example, all the members were furnished with olive-leaves at their button-holes;—each American member was presented by the English delegation with the New Testament in French, with an inscription signed by Mr. Cobden;—a medal was struck;—*The Illustrated News* is to come out filled with pictures and proceedings;—prizes of many hundred francs were given for the best essays on Peace subjects, and more were offered for the coming year. A general feeling was diffused which, though I do not dare to suppose it would stand a personal assault or a National attack, or render good for evil to any extent, was extremely pleasant to witness, and which cannot but promote amiability and spread among other nations the amenity for which French social life has ever been so remarkable, at the same time that the possibility of peace in political life will be suggested to many minds for the first time.

Your friend,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Obituary.

Died at Palmyra, Wayne Co. N. Y. on the 10th inst. after about two weeks very severe illness, which terminated in inflammation of the stomach and bowels, HANNAH SEXTON, wife of Pliny Sexton, aged 40 years, a minister of the Society of Friends, of the most liberal Anti-sectarian and expanded feelings and views. Truly it may be said of her—

None knew her but to love her,
None mentioned but to praise.—*

Died.

Sept. 17, JAMES A. HOUSTON, M. D. for many years connected with the New York and Washington Press.

On the 13th instant, of congestion of the brain, EDWARD WESTON only cnild of Edward A. and Eliza L. S unders, aged 2 years, 4 months and 17 days.

On the Upper Sacramento, California, on the 30th of June, of bilious dysentery, CHARLES W HOLDEN, late of this city, proprietor of Holden's Magazine.

At Panama, on the 6th of August, of Cholera, ISRAEL POST, a well-known publisher of this city.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will commence its sessions at Norristown on Monday the 15th of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M. In making this announcement, the Executive Committee take it for granted that no special urging will be required on their part to induce a large attendance on this occasion, of the members and friends of the Society. Our annual gatherings have ever been seasons of the deepest and most delightful interest, and there is no reason to apprehend that the approaching one will be marked by the slightest diminution in this respect; on the contrary, the more advanced position of the Anti Slavery enterprise, and the relations which it now sustains, will suggest themes of new interest for discussion, and impart fresh zest to our deliberations. Our movement never stood in a more commanding attitude before the public, nor were we as an organization ever in a better condition to labour effectually for its advancement. Entirely united among ourselves, we are at the same time the undisputed occupants of the Anti-Slavery field. Never had we finer opportunities of usefulness. How we can best avail ourselves of these opportunities and meet the corresponding responsibilities which they impose, will be questions for discussion at the approaching meeting. Let there be a full attendance; and let us come together in such a spirit of earnestness and self-devotion as will secure for ourselves a fresh baptism in the cause, and give a new impetus to our work, which shall hasten the day of its consummation.

On behalf of the Committee,
JAMES MOTT, Chairman,
HARWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

MR. AND MRS. S. S. FOSTER will lecture on Slavery in Rev. S. S. Jocelyn's Church, corner of South Third and Tenth streets, Williamsburgh, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings next.

SIXTEENTH
National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Committee of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, deeply feeling their responsibility to the holy cause of Freedom and Humanity with which they are identified, have resolved anew to make their exertions for its promotion correspond with the greatness of its demands and the rapidity of its progress.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter upon any formal exposition of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the support of which the funds resulting from this effort are devoted. The language of our last year's Call will express better than any other our present convictions of its necessity and value. "Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard and more and more obeyed. ....It has no local attachments, no sectarian or partisan partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose." With this Society in a word, rests the hope of the American Slave. Its continuance and increased success, the number of its agents and the circulation of its periodicals depend greatly on the amount of funds which we through this yearly effort are enabled to place at is disposal

We regard the importance of the American Anti-Slavery Society as paramount to that of any other Anti-Slavery organization, and of course its claims for help and sympathy paramount to those of any other. Boston and its environs indeed supply us with a market, but with a trifling exception barely sufficient to remunerate the expense of Anti-Slavery advertisements, not a cent of our receipts are expended in Massachusetts. In sustaining the Cause in her own borders, she asks no aid from beyond them, but relies entirely on her own efforts

These being our circumstances, we appeal to Abolitionists EVERYWHERE, earnestly invoking of each aid and assistance proportionate alike to the dignity and necessity of the work we have undertaken. We are labouring for the establishment of those foundation principles on which the rights of all men must of necessity rest. Therefore to *All* we appeal in confident reliance on that common human heart whose unsophisticated instincts furnish our best hope of success.

The Sixteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held in Boston during Christmas week, and all desiring to cooperate with us are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

Anne Warren Weston,	*Louisa Loring,*
M. W. Chapman,	*Mary May,*
Eliza L. Follen,	*Sarah S Russell,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Susan C. Cabot,	*Helen E. Garrison,*
Catherine Sargent,	*Maria Lowell,*
Henrietta Sargeant,	*Abby Francis,*
Thankful Southwick,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B Hall,	*Mary Gray Chapman,*
Francis Mry Robbins	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Caroline Weston,	*Evelina A. S. Smith,*
Eliza F. Eddy,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Caroline F. Williams,	*Harriet M Palmer,*
Lydia Parker,	*Mary Willey.*
Sarah N. Southwick,	*Elizabeth Gay.*

INDIGNATION MEETING—GRAND RALLY!

The citizens of Chester county, Pa. without distinction of party, are requested to assemble in a grand mass meeting at the house from which Thomas Mitchell was recently kidnapped, near Taggart's Cross Roads, in East Marlborough township, on Saturday September 22, at 10 o'clock A. M. to express their sentiments concerning that high-handed outrage, and take measures to prevent the future incursions of Maryland land pirates upon them. The meeting will be held in the woods near the house, if the day be fair; if not, in the barn near by. It will continue through the afternoon. Let every person who would protect the rights of the poor, the peace of the county, the honor of the State, and his own liberties, from the midnight invasions of burglars, assasins and kidnappers, come up to this gathering of the people. Speakers from abroad are expected.

ANTI- SLAVERY LECTURES AND FAIRS.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS will visit and lecture, and Fairs will be held, under the management of the Ladies of the W. N. Y. A. S. Society, at the following places in the course of the month—namely:

Mount Morris, Fair, Friday 21st.
Caledonia, Lecture, Sunday, 23d
Scottsville, " Monday, 24th
" Fair, Tuesday, 25th.
Honeoye Falls, Lecture, Thursday, 27th.
" Fair, Friday, 28th.
Lockport, Lecture, Thursday, Oct. 5th.
" Fair, Friday, " 6th.

N. B. The Lecture at each of the above-named places will commence at 7 P. M. precisely, unless some other hour is named in a future notice.

HENRY BOX BROWN.

JUST PUBLISHED, The *Life and Travels* of the man who fled from bondage in a Box, a portion of the time *on his head;* with remarks upon the cure for Slavery, by Charles Stearns.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by Bela Marsh, 25 Cornhill, Boston: Single copy 25 cents. Sep. 20.

The Utility of Phrenology.

To Know Ourselves is a matter of the greatest importance, and there is no other means by which we can acquire this knowledge so well as by the aid of Phrenology. It teaches us for what occupation in life we are by nature best qualified, and in what pursuit we may be most successful.

It is of the utmost importance to Parents and Teachers, as it will unfold the true capacities and dispositions of their children and pupils, and thus enable them the more successfully to govern and instruct them.

It will enable the Physician to understand the causes of insanity, and greatly assist him in restoring his patient.

It will aid Manufacturers in selecting Apprentices best adapted to particular occupations, Merchants in selecting confidential Clerks, Shipmasters in selecting Crews, and, what is of still more importance, will guide us correctly in selecting Congenial Companions for Life, and enable us to adapt ourselves to each other, when a difference in disposition exists.

It is a Powerful Lever in Self-Improvement, in Moral and Intellectual advancement.

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With written and verbal descriptions of character, given when desired; including directions as to the most suitable occupations, the selection of suitable partners in business, etc. which will be found most valuable, as well as exceedingly interesting. FOWLERS & WELLS,
CLINTON HALL, 129 & 131 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.
*Sept. 20. 4t

The Spirit of the Age.

This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from disunity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notices of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain, and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and published weekly by FOWLERS AND WELLS, on a super royal sheet folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are $2 00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.
* sep. 20. 4t.

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A colored lad, 16 years of age, intelligent and active, wishes a situation as an apprentice at some mechanical business—that of a *baker*, however, preferred. Application may be made at this office. * sp 13. 3t.

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Send in your orders to this office, addressed to
A. HONEYWELL,
142 Nassau st. N. Y.

BOOK REPOSIT

Poetry.

ITALY IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked,
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping thro' the moss they love.
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when the peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us, in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
And close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew; when these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart
One instant, rapidly glancing round,
And saw me beckon from the ground:
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast:
Then I drew breath: they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
This hiding was a freak of youth;
I meant to give her hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that person on whose head
"They fix the price because I hate
"The Austrians over us: the State
"Will give you gold—Oh, gold so much,
"If you betray me to their clutch!
"And be your death, for aught I know,
"If once they find you saved their foe.
"Now you must bring me food and drink,
"And also paper, pen, and ink.
"And carry safe what I shall write
"To Padua, which you'll reach at night
"Before the Duomo shuts; go in,
"And wait till Tenebræ begin;
"Walk to the Third Confessional,
"Between the pillar and the wall,
"And kneeling whisper *whence comes peace?*
"Say it a second time; then cease;
"And if the voice inside returns,
"*From Christ and Freedom; what concerns*
"*The cause of Peace?*—for answer, slip
"My letter where you placed your lip;
"Then come back happy we have done
"Our mother service—I, the son,
"As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sun-rise
Than of her coming: we conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then passing out,
"She could not speak for others—who
"Had other thoughts: herself she knew:"
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days the scouts pursued
Another path: at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news:
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
"To Italy our mother:—she
Uses my hand and blesses thee!"
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy
For which I live and mean to die!
I, in love I never was; and since
Charles proved false, nothing could convince
My inmost soul I had a friend;
However if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, Three—
I know at least what one should be;
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands: and next,
—Nor much for that I am perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers—last
—Ah, there, what should one wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength;
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while part opine
"Freedom grows License," past suspect
"Haste breeds Delay," and recollect
They always said such premature
Beginnings never could endure:
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think, then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile—some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt—what harm
If I sate on the door-side bench,
And while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them—I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now!

Miscellany.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL.

[CONTINUED.]

SHEEPSCOTE, *Nov.* 20.—Annoyed by Dick's companions, I prayed father to let me stay awhile with Rose; and gaining his consent, came over here yestermorn, without thinking it needfulle to send notice, which was perhaps inconsiderate. But she received me with kisses and words of tenderness, though less smiling than usualle, and eagerlie accepted mine offered visit. Then she ran off to find Roger, and I heard them talking earnestlie in a low voice before they came in. His face was grave, even stern, when he entered, but he held out his hand, and sayd, "Mistress Milton, you are welcome! how is it with you? and how was Mr. Milton when he wrote to you last?" I answered brieflie, he was well: then came a silence, and then Rose took me to my chamber, which was sweet with lavender, and its hangings of ye whitest. It reminded me too much of my first week of marriage, soe I resolved to think not at all lest I shoulde be bad companie, but cheer up and be gay. Soe I asket Rose a thousand questions about her dairie and bees, laught much at dinner, and told Mr. Agnew sundrie of the merrie sayings of Dick and his Oxford friends. And, for my reward, when we were afterwards apart, I heard him tell Rose (by reason of ye walls being thin) that however she might regard me for old affection's sake, he thought he had never knowne soe unpromising a character. This made me dulle enough all the rest of the evening, and repent having come to Sheepscote: however, he liked me ye better for being quiete; and Rose, being equallie chekt, we sewed in silence while he read to us ye first division of Spencer's Legend of Holinesse, about Una and the Knight, and how they got sundered. This led to much serious, yet not unpleasing discourse, which lasted till supper. For the first time at Sheepscote, I coulde not eat, which Mr. Agnew observing, prest me to take wine, and Rose woulde starte up to fetch some of her preserves; but I chekt her with a motion, not being quite able to speak; for their being soe kind made ye teares ready to starte, I knew not why.

Family prayers, after supper, rather too long; yet though I coulde not keep up my attention, they seemed to spread a calm and a peace alle about that extended even to me; and though, after I had undressed, I sat a long while in a maze, and bethought me how piteous a creature I was, yet, once layed down, I never sank into deeper, more composing sleep.

Nov. 21.—This morning, Rose exclaimed, "Dear Roger! onlie think! Moll has begun to learn Latin since she returned to Forest Hill, thinking to surprise Mr. Milton when they meet." "She will not onlie surprise but *please* him," returned dear Roger, taking my hand very kindlie; "I can onlie say, I hope they will meet long before she can read his Poemata, unless she learnes much faster than most people." I replied, I learned very slowly, and wearied Robin's patience; on which Rose, kissing me, cried, "You will never wearie mine; soe, if you please, deare Moll, we will goe to our lessons here everie morning; and it may be that I shall get you through ye grammar faster than Robin can. If we come to anie difficultie we shall refer it to Roger."

Now, Mr. Agnew's looks exprest such pleasure with both, that it were difficult to tell which felt ye most elated; soe calling me deare Moll, (he hath hitherto Mistress Miltoned me ever since I sett foot in his house,) he sayed he would not interrupt our studdies, though he should be within call, and soe left us. I had not felt soe happy since father's birthday; and though Rose kept me close to my book for two hours, I found her a far less irksome tutor than deare Robin. Then she went away, singing, to make Roger's favorite dish, and afterwards we took a brisk walke, and came home hungrie enough to dinner.

There is a daily beauty in Rose's life, that I not onlie admire, but am readie to envy. Oh! if Milton lived but in ye poorest house in the countrie, methinks I coulde be very happy with him.

Bedtime.—Chancing to make the above remark to Rose, she cried, "And why not be happy with him in Aldersgate Street?" I brieflie replied that he must get the house first, before it were possible to tell whether I coulde be happy there or not. Rose stared, and exclaimed, "Why, where do you suppose him to be now?" "Where but at the taylor's in St. Bride's Churchyard?" I replied. She claspt her hands with a look I shall never forget, and exclaimed in a sort of vehement passion, "Oh, cousin, cousin, how you throw your own happinesse away! How awfulle a pause must have taken place in your intercourse with the man whom you promised to abide by till death, since you know not that he has long since taken possession of his new home; that he strove to have it ready for you at Michaelmasse!"

Doubtless I lookt not less surprised than I felt;—a sudden prick at ye heart prevented speech; but it shot acrosse my heart that I made out ye words "Aldergate" and "new home," in ye fragments of the letter my father had torn. Rose, misjudging my silence, burst forthe anew with "Oh, cousin! cousin! coulde anie home, however dull and noisesome, drive me from Roger Agnew? Onlie think of what you are doing—of what you are leaving undone!—of what you are preparing against yourself! To put the wickedness of a selfish course out of ye account, onlie thinke of its mellancholie; its miserie—destitute of alle the sweet, bright, fresh well-springs of happinesse;—unblest by God!"

Here Rose wept passionatelie, and claspt her arms about me: but, when I began to speak, and to tell her of much that had made me miserable, she hearkened in motionless silence, till I told her that father had torn ye letter and beaten the messenger. Then she cried, "Oh, I see now what may and shall be done! Roger shall be peace-maker," and ran off with joyfulnesse; I not withholding her. But I can never be joyfulle more—he cannot be day's-man betwixt us now—'tis alle too late!

Nov. 28.—Now that I am at Forest Hill agayn, I will essay to continue my journalling.—

Mr. Agnew was out; and though a keene wintry winde was blowing, and Rose was suffering from colde, yet she went out to listen for his horse's feet at ye gate, with onlie her apron cast over herr head. Shortlie he returned; and I heard him say in a troubled voice, "Alle are in arms at Forest Hill." I felt soe greatlie shocked as to neede to sit downe instead of running forthe to learn ye news. I supposed ye parliamentarian soldiers had advanced, unexpectedlie, upon Oxford. His next words were, "Dick is coming for her at noone—poor soul, I know not what she will doe—her father will trust her noe longer with you and me." Then I saw them both passe the window, slowlie pacing together, and hastened forth to joyn them; but they had turned into ye pleached alley, theire backs towards me: and both in such earnest and apparentlie private communication, that I dared not interrupt them till they turned aboute, which was not for some while: for they stood for some time at ye head of ye alley, still with their backs to me. Rose's hair blowing in ye cold wind; and once or twice she seemed to put her kerchief to her eyes.

Now, while I stood mazed and uncertain, I hearde a distant clatter of horse's feet, on ye hard road a good way off, and could descrie Dick coming towards the Sheepscote. Rose saw him too, and commenced running towards me; Mr. Agnew following with long strides. Rose drew me back into ye house, and sayd, kissing me, "Dearest Moll, I am soe sorry; Roger hath seen your father this morn, and he will on no account spare you to us anie longer; and Dick is coming to fetch you even now." I say'd, "is father ill?" "Oh no," replied Mr. Agnew; then coming up, "He is not ill, but he is perturbed at something which has occurred; and, in truth, soe am I.—But remember, Mistress Milton, remember, dear cousin, that when you married, your father's guardianship of you passed into ye hands of your husband—your husband's house was thenceforthe your home; and, in quitting it you committed a fault you may yet repaie, though this offensive act has made ye difficultie much greater."—"Oh, what has happened?" I impatientlie cried. Just then, Dick comes in with his usual blunt salutations, and then cries, "Well, Moll, are you ready to go back?" "Why should I be?" I sayd, "when I am soe happy here? unless father is ill, or Mr. Agnew and Rose are tired of me." They both interrupted, there was nothing they soe much desired, at this present, as that I shoulde prolong my stay. "And you know Dick," I added, "that Forest Hill is not soe pleasant to me just now as it hath commonlie beene, by reason of your Oxford companions." He brieflie sayd, "I neede not mind that, they were coming no more to ye house, father had decreed it. And you know well enough, Moll, that what father decrees, may be, and he hath decreed that you must come home now; soe no more ado, I pray you, but fetch your cloak and hood, and the horses shall come round, for 't will be late e'er we reach home." "Nay, you must dine here at all events" sayd Rose; "I know, Dick, you love roast pork." Soe Dick relented. Soe Rose, turning to me, prayed me to bid Cicely hasten dinner; the which I did, the thinking it strange Rose should not goe herself. But, as I returned, I heard her say, Not a word of it dear Dick, at the least, till after dinner, lest you spoil her appetite. Soe Dick sayd he shoulde goe and look after ye horses. I sayd then, brisklie, I see somewhat is the matter—pray tell me what it is. But Rose looked quite dull, and walked to ye window. Then Mr. Agnew sayd, "You seem as dissatisfied to leave us, cousin, as we are to lose you; and yet you are going back to Forest Hill—to that home in which you will doubtlesse be happy to live all your dayes." "At Forest Hill?" I sayd, "oh no! I hope not." "And why?" said he quicklie. I hung my head, and muttered, "I hope, some daye, to goe back to Mr. Milton." "And why not at once?" sayd he. I sayd, "Father would not let me." "Nay, that is childish," he answered; "your father could not hinder you if you wanted not ye mind to goe—it was your first seeming soe loth to return, that made him think you unhappie and refuse to part with you." I sayd, "And what if I were unhappie?" He paused; and knew not at ye moment what answer to make, but shortlie replied by another question, "What cause had you to be soe?" I sayd, "That was more easily askt than answered, even if there were anie need I shoulde answer it, or he had anie right to ask it." He cried in an accent of tendernesse that still rings my heart to remember. "Oh question not the right! I only wish to make you happy. Were you not happy with Mr. Milton during ye week you spent together here at Sheepscote?" Thereat I coulde not refrayn from bursting into tears. Rose now sprang forward; but Mr. Agnew sayd, "Let her weep, let her weep, it will do her good." Then, alle at once it occurred to me that my husband was awaiting me at home, and I cried. "Oh, is Mr. Milton at Forest Hill?" and felt my heart full of gladness. Mr. Agnew answered, "Not soe, not soe, poor Moll:" and, looking up at him, I saw him wiping his brow, though the daye was soe chill. "As well tell her now," sayd he to Rose; and then taking my hand, "Oh, Mrs. Milton, can you wonder that your husband shoulde be angry? How can you wonder at anie evil that may result from ye provocation you have given him? What marvel, that since you cast him off, all ye sweet fountains of his affections would be embittered, and that he should retaliate by seeking a separation, and even a divorce?"—There I stopt him with an outcry of "Divorce?" "Even soe," he most mournfully replyed, "and I seeke not to excuse him, since two wrongs make not a right." "But," I cried, passionately weeping, "I have given him noe cause; my heart has never for a moment strayed to another, nor does he, I am sure, expect it." "Ne'erthelesse," rejoined Mr. Agnew, "he is soe aggrieved and chafed, that he has followed up what he considers your breach of the marriage contract by writing and publishing a book on divorce; the tenor of which coming to your father's ears, has violently incensed him. And now, dear cousin, having, by your waywardness, kindled this flame, what remains for you but to—nay, hear me, hear me, Moll, for Dick is coming in, and I may not let him hear me urge you to ye onlie course that can regayn your peace—Mr. Milton is still your husband; each of you have now something to forgive; do you be ye firste: nay, seeke *his* forgivenesse, and you shall be happier than you have beene yet."

—But I was weeping without controule; and Dick coming in, and with Dick ye dinner, I askt to be excused, and soe soughte my chamber, to weep there without restraynt or witnesse. Poor Rose came up as soone as she coulde leave the table, and told me she had eaten as little as I, and woulde not even presse me to eat. But she caresst me and comforted me, and urged in her owne tender way alle that had beene sayd by Mr. Agnew; even protesting that if she were in my place, she would not goe back to Forest Hill, but straight to London, to entreat with Mr. Milton for his mercy. But I told her I could not do that, even had I the means for ye journey; for that my heart was turned against ye man who coulde, for ye venial offence of a young wife, in abiding too long with her old father, not onlie cast her off from his love, but hold her up to ye world's blame and scorn, by making their domestic quarrel the matter of a printed attack. Rose sayd, "I admit he is wrong, but indeed, indeed, Moll, you are wrong too, and you were wrong *first*:" and she sayd this soe often, that at length we came to crosser words; when Dick, calling to me from below, would have me make haste, which I was glad to doe, and lett Sheepscote less regrettfullie than I had expected. Rose kist me with her gravest face. Mr Agnew put me on my horse, and sayd, as he gave me ye rein, "Now think! now think! even yet!" and then as I silently rode off, "God bless you."

I held down my head; but at y' turn of ye road, lookt back, and saw him and Rose watching us from ye porch. Dick cried, "I am righte glad we are off at last, for father is downright crazie about this business, and mistrustfulle of Agnew's influence over you,"—and would have gone on railing but I bade him for pitie's sake be quiete.

The effects of my own follie, the losse of home, husband, name, the opinion of ye Agnews, the opinion of ye worlde, rose up againste me and almost drove me mad. And, just as I was thinking I had better lived out my dayes, and dyed earlie in St. Bride's Church-yarde than that alle this should have come about, the sudden recollection of what Rose had that morning tolde me, which soe manie other thoughts had driven out of my head, viz. that Mr. Milton had, in his desire to please me, while I was onlie bent on pleasing myself, been secretly striving my return, readie ye Aldersgate Street house againste to make—soe overcame me, that I wept as I rode along. Nay, at ye corner of a branch road, had a mind to beg Dick to let me goe to London; but a glance at his dogged countenance sufficed to foreshow my answer.

Half dead with fatigue and griefe when I reached home, ye tender embraces of my father and mother completed ye overthrowe of my spirits. I tooke to my bed; and this is ye first daye I have left it; nor will they let me send for Rose, nor even tell her I am ill.

January 1, 1644.—The new year opens drearilie, on affairs both publick and private. The loaf parted at breakfast this morning, which, as the saying goes, is a sign of separation; but mother onlie sayd 'twas because it was badly kneaded, and chid Margery. She hath beene telling me, but now, how I might have 'scaped all my troubles, and seene as much as I woulde of her and father, and yet have contented Mr. Milton and beene counted a good wife. Noe advice soe ill to bear as that which comes too late.

Jan. 7.—I am sick of this journalling, soe shall onlie put down ye date of Robin's leaving home. Lord have mercy on him, and keepe him in safetie. This is a shorte prayer; therefore, easier to be often repeated. When he kissed me, he whispered, "Moll, pray for me."

Jan. 27.—Father does not seem to miss Robin much, tho' he dailie drinks his health after that of ye king. Perhaps he did not miss me anie more when I was in London, though it was true and naturall enough he should like to see me agayn. We should have beene used to our separation at this time; there wd have beene nothing corroding in it.

* * * *

I pray for Robin everie night. Since he went, the house has lost its sunshine. When I was soe anxious to return to Forest Hill I never counted on his leaving it.

Feb. 1,—Oh heaven, what would I give to see ye skirts of Mr. Milton's garments agayn! My heart is sick unto death. I have been reading some of my journall, and tearing out much childish nonsense at ye beginning; but coulpe not destroy ye painfulle records of the last year. How unhappy a creature am I!—wearie, wearie of my life, yet no ways inclined for death. Lord, have mercy upon me.

March 27.—I spend much of my time, now, in ye book room, and, though I essay not to pursue ye Latin, I read much English, at the least, more than I ever did in my life before; but often I fancy I am reading when I am onlie dreaming. Oxford is far too gay a place for me now ever to goe near it, but my brothers are much there, and father in his farm, and mother in her kitchen; and the neighbours, when they call, look on me strangelie, soe that I have noe love for them. How different is Rose's holy, secluded, yet cheerefulle life at Sheepscote! She hath a nurserie now, soe cannot come to me, and father likes not I should goe to her.

April 5.—They say their Majesty's parting at Abingdon was very sorrowfulle and tender. The Lord send them better times! The Queen is to my mind a most charming lady, and well worthy of his Ma'y's affection; yet it seems to me amisse, that thro' her influence, last summer, ye opportunitie of pacification was lost. But she was elated, and naturallie enoughe, at her personall successes from ye time of her landing. To me, there seems nothing soe good as peace. I know indeede, Mr. Milton holds that there may be such things as a holy war and a cursed peace.

April 10.—Father, having a hoarseness, hath deputed me, of late, to read ye morning and evening prayers. How beautifulle is our Liturgie! I grudge at ye Puritans for having abolished it; and though I felt not its comprehensive fullnesse before I married, nor indeed till now, yet I wearied to death in London at ye puritanicall ordinances and conscience-meetings and extempore prayers, wherein it was so oft ye speaker's care to show men how godly he was. Nay, I think Mr. Milton altogether wrong in ye view he takes of praying to God in other men's words; for doth he not doe soe, everie time he followeth the sense of another man's extempore prayer, wherein he is more at his mercy and caprice than when he hath a printed form set down, wherein he sees what is coming?

June 8.—Walking in the home-close this morning, it occurred to me that Mr. Milton intended bringing me to Forest Hill about this time; and if I had abided patientlie with him through ye winter, we might now have beene both here happily together; untroubled by that sting which now poisons everie enjoyment of mine, and perhaps of his. Lord, be merciful to *me a sinner!*

June 23d.—Just after writing ye above, I was in ye garden, gathering a few coronation flowers and sops-in-wine, and thinking they were of deeper crimson at Sheepscote, and wondering what Rose was just then about, and whether had I beene born in her place, I shoulde have beene as goode and happy as she—when Harry came up, looking somewhat grave. I sayd, "What is the matter?" He gave answer, "Rose hath lost her child." Oh!——that we should live but a two hours' journey apart, and that she shoulde lose a child three months olde *whom I had never seene?*

I ran to father, and never left off praying him to let me goe to her till he consented.

—What, and if I had begged as hard, at ye first, to goe back to Mr. Milton? might he not have consented *then?*

* * * * Soe Harry took me; and as we drew near Sheepscote, I was avised to think how grave, how barelie friendlie had beene our last parting; and to ponder, would Rose make me welcome now? The infant, Harry told me, had been dead some dayes; and as we came in sight of y' little grey old church, we saw a knot of people coming out of ye churchyard, and guessed ye baby had just beene buried. Soe it proved—Mr. Agnew's house-door stood ajar; and when we tapped softlie, and Cicely admitted us, we could see him standing by Rose, who was sitting on ye grave and crying as if she woulde not be comforted. When she hearde my voice, she started up, flung her arms about me, crying more bitterlie than before, and I cried too; and Mr. Agnew went away with Harry. Then Rose sayd to me. "You must not leave me agayn."

* * * * In ye cool of ye evening, when Harry had left us, she took me into ye church-yarde, and scattered ye little grave with flowers; and then continued sitting beside it on the grasse, quiete, but not comfortlesse. I am avised to think she prayed.—Then Mr. Agnew came forthe and sate on a flat tombstone hard by; and without one word of introduction took out his Psalter, and commenced reading the Psalms for that evening's service; to wit, the 41st, the 42d, and 43de; in a solemn voice; and methoughte I never in my life hearde aniething to equall it in ye way of consolation. Rose's heavie eyes gradualle lookt up from ye ground into her husband's face, and thence up to heaven. After this, he read, or rather repeated, ye collect at the end of the buriall service, putting this expression—"As our hope is, this our dear infant doth." Then he went on to say in a soothing tone. "There hath noe misfortune happened to us, but such as is common to the lot of all men. We are alle sinners, even to ye youngest, fayrest, and seeminglie purest among us; and death entered y' world by sin, and, constituted as we are, we would not, even if we could, dispense with death.—For, where doth it convey us? From this burthensome, miserable world, into ye generall assemblie of Christ's first-born, to be united with ye spirits of ye just made perfect, to partake of everie enjoyment which in this world is unconnected with sin, together with others that are unknowne and unspeakable. And there, we shall agayn have *bodies* as well as soules; eyes to see, but not to shed tears; voices to speak and sing, not to utter lamentations; hands, to doe God's work; feet, and it may be, wings, to carry us on his errands. Such will be ye blessedness of his glorified saints; even of those who, having been servants of Satan till ye eleventh hour, labored penitentlie and diligentlie for their heavenlie Master one hour before sunset; but as for those who, dying in mere infancie, never committed actuall sin, they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! Oh, think of this, dear Rose, and sorrow not as those without hope; for be assured, your child hath more reall reason to be grieved for you, than you for *him*."

With this, and like discourse, that distilled like ye dew, or ye small rain on the tender grasse, did Roger Agnew comfort his wife, until the moon had risen. Likewise he spake to us of those who lay buried arounde, how one had died of a broken heart, another of suddain joy, another had let patience have her perfect work through years of lingering disease. Then we walked slowlie and composedlie home, and ate our supper peacefullie, Rose not refusing to eat, though she took but little.

Since that evening, she hath, at Mr. Agnew's wish, gone much among ye poor, reading to one, working for another, carrying food and medicine to another; and in this I have borne her companie. I like it well. Methinks how pleasant and seemlie are ye duties of a country minister's wife! a God-fearing woman, that is, who considereth the poor and needy, instead of aiming to be frounced and purpled like her richest neighbors. Mr. Agnew was reading to us, last night, of Bernard Gilpin—he of whom ye Lord Burleigh sayd, "Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric?" How charmed were we with ye description of ye simplicitie and hospitalitie of his method of living at Houghton!—There is another place of nearlie ye same name near Buckinghamshire—not Houghton, but Horton, * * * * where one Mr. John Milton spent five of ye best years of his life—and where methinks his wife could have been happier with him than in St. Bride's Churchyarde.—But it profits not to wish and to will.—What was to be, had need to be, soe there's an end.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S VIEW OF GOLDSMITH.

"Never was the trite, because sage apothegm, that 'the child is father to the man,' more fully verified than in the case of Goldsmith. He is shy, awkward and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; he is a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to suprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; he is is dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half military pedagogue; he may be a dunce, but he is already a rhymer; and his early scintillations of poetry awaken the expectations of his friends. He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the 'good people' who haunted his birth-place, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

"He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college: they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that does not address itself to his poetical imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gipsy in quest of odd adventures.

"As if confiding in these delusive gifts, he takes no heed for the present nor care for the future, lays no regular and solid foundation of knowledge, follows out no plan, adopts and discards those recommended by his friends, at one time prepares for the ministry, next turns to the law, then fixes upon medicine. He repairs to Edinburgh, the great emporium of medical science, but the fairy gifts accompany him; he idles and frolics away his time there, imbibing only such knowledge as is agreeable to him; makes an excursion to the poetical regions of the Highlands; and having walked the hospitals for the customary time, sets off to ramble over the Continent in quest of novelty rather than knowledge. His whole tour is a poetical one. He fancies he is playing the philosopher while he is really playing the poet: and though professedly he attends lectures and visits foreign universities, so deficient is he on his return, in the studies for which he set out, that he fails in an examination as a surgeon's mate; and while figuring as a doctor of medicine, is outvied on a point of practice by his apothecary. Baffled in every pursuit, after trying in vain some of the humbler callings of commonplace life, he is driven almost by chance to the exercise of his pen, and here the fairy gifts come to his assistance. For a long time, however, he seems unaware of the magic properties of that pen: he uses it only as a make-shift until he can find a *legitimate* means of support. He is not a learned man, and can write but meagerly at second-hand on learned subjects; but he has a quick convertible talent that seizes lighty on the points of knowledge necessary to the illustration of a theme: his writings for a time are desultory, the fruits of what he has seen and felt, or what he has recently and hastily read: but his gifted pen transmutes everything into gold, and his own genial nature reflects its sunshine through his pages.

"Still unaware of his powers he throws off his writings anonymously, to go with the writings of less favored men, and it is a long time, after a bitter struggle with poverty and humiliation, before he acquires confidence in his literary talent as a means of support, and begins to dream of reputation.

"From this time his pen is a wand of power in his own hand, and he has only to use it discreetly, to make it competent to all his wants. But discretion is not a part of Goldsmith's nature: and it seems the property of these fairy gifts to be accompanied by moods and temperaments to render effects precarious. The heedlessness of his early days; his disposition for social enjoyment; his habit of throwing the present on the neck of the future, still continue. His expenses forerun his means; he incurs debts on the faith of what his magic pen is to produce, and then, under the pressure of his debts, sacrifices his productions for prices far below their value. It is a redeeming circumstance in his prodigality, that it is lavished oftener upon others than upon himself: he gives without thought or stint, and is the continual dupe of his benevolence and trustfulness in human nature. We may say of him as he says of one of his heroes, 'He could not stifle the natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed money to relieve the distressed; and when he knew not where conveniently to borrow, he has been observed to shed tears as he passed through the wretched suppliants who attended his gate.' * *

"'His simplicity in trusting persons whom he had no previous reasons to place confidence in, seems to be one of those lights of his character which, while they impeach his understanding, do honor to his benevolence. The low and the timid are ever suspicious; but a heart impressed with honorable sentiments, expects from others sympathetic sincerity*.'

"His heedlessness in pecuniary matters, which had rendered his life a struggle with poverty even in the days of his obscurity, rendered the struggle still more intense when his fairy gifts had elevated him into the society of the wealthy and luxurious, and imposed on his simple and generous spirit fancied obligations to a more ample and bounteous display.

"'How comes it,' says a recent and ingenious critic, 'that in all the miry paths of life which he had trod, no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse. How amidst all the love of inferior company, which never to the last forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity.'

"We answer that it was owing to the innate purity and goodness of his nature; there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and vulgarity. Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole those familiar features of life which form the staple of his most popular writings.

"Much, too, of his intact purity of heart may be ascribed to the lessons of his infancy under the paternal roof; to the gentle, benevolent, elevated, unworldly maxims of his father, who 'passing rich with forty pounds a year,' infused a spirit into his child which riches could not deprave nor poverty degrade. Much of his boyhood, too, had been passed in the household of his uncle, the amiable and generous Contarine; where he talked of literature with the good pastor, and practised music with his daughter, and delighted them both by his juvenile attempts at poetry. These early associations breathed a grace and refinement into his mind and tuned it up, after the rough sports of the green, or the frolics at the tavern. These led him to turn from the roaring glees of the club, to listen to the harp of his cousin Jane; and from the rustic triumph of throwing sledge, to a stroll with his flute along the pastoral banks of the Inny.

"The gentle spirit of his father walked with him through life, a pure and virtuous monitor; and in all the vicissitudes of his career, we find him ever more chastened in mind by the sweet and holy recollections of the home of his infancy.

"It has been questioned whether he really had any religious feeling. Those who raise the question have never considered well his writings; his Vicar of Wakefield, and his pictures of the Village Pastor, present religion under its most endearing forms, and with a feeling that could only flow from the deep convictions of the heart. When his fair travelling companions of Paris urged him to read the Church Service on a Sunday, he replied that 'he was not worthy to do it.' He had seen in early life the sacred offices performed by his father and his brother, with a solemnity which had sanctified them in his memory; how could he presume to undertake such functions? His religion has been called in question by Johnson and Boswell: he certainly had not the gloomy hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the babbling mouth-piety of the other; but the spirit of Christian charity breathed forth in his writings and illustrated in his conduct, give us reason to believe he had the indwelling religion of the soul.

"We have made sufficient comments in the preceding chapters on his conduct in elevated circles of literature and fashion. The fairy gifts which took him there, were not accompanied by the gifts and graces necessary to sustain him in that artificial sphere. He can neither play the learned sage with Johnson, nor the fine gentleman with Beauclerc; though he has a mind replete with wisdom and natural shrewdness, and a spirit free from vulgarity. The blunders of a fertile but hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the student assuming the man of fashion, fix on him a character for absurdity and vanity which, like the charge of lunacy, it is hard to disprove, however weak the grounds of the charge and strong the facts in opposition to it.

"In truth, he is never truly in his place in these learned and fashionable circles, which talk and live for display. It is not the kind of society he craves. His heart yearns for domestic life; it craves familiar, confiding intercourse, family firesides, the guileless and happy company of children: these bring out the heartiest and sweetest sympathies of his nature.

"'Had it been his fate,' says the critic we have already quoted, 'to meet a woman who could have loved him, despite his faults, and respected him despite his foibles, we cannot but think that his life and his genius would have been much more harmonious; his desultory affections would have been concentrated, his craving self-love appeased, his pursuits more settled, his character more solid. A nature like Goldsmith's, so affectionate, so confiding—so susceptible to simple innocent enjoyments—so dependent on others for the sunshine of existence, does not flower if deprived of the atmosphere of home.'

"The cravings of his heart in this respect are evident, we think, throughout his career; and if we have dwelt with more significance than others, upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful attentions to one of its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by conscious poverty and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind—the last a man would communicate to his friends—might account for much of that fitfulness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended by his associates, during the last year or two of his life; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death.

"We shall conclude these desultory remarks, with a few which have been used by us on a former occasion. From the general tone of Goldsmith's biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own: his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of 'poor Goldsmith,' speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson; 'he was a very great man.' But, for our part, we rather say 'Let them be remembered,' since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of 'POOR GOLDSMITH.'"—*Irving's Life of Goldsmith.*

*Goldsmith's Life of Nashe.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FLOGGING FEMALES IN AUSTRIA.—At Lemberg, on the 31st ult. a milliner, accused of making Kossuth cockades and having persuaded or coaxed her husband to play the spy, was taken to the barracks, and there punished with thirty blows from rods, or rather sticks, on her bare back.—*London Inquirer.*

The *Ulster Gazette* observes, as to Lola Montes being now on the Continent: "She has been incontinent before, especially at the court of Bavaria, where, however, it does not appear that she was remarkable for good breeding, so that the quotation, 'Parturiunt Montes,' does not hold good in her case."

At the examination of the children of the Windsor Infant School, on Wednesday last, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling tales." On which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it."

THE EXACT WHEREABOUTS.—In the corner of a large field at Newby Head, in the parish of Morland, is a small enclosure or plantation, known by the name of the "Quaker's Sepulchre," which was formerly used by the Society of Friends as a place of sepulture, but which has for a number of years been deserted. On the mural monument in the east wall, belonging to a family of the name of Laverick, is the following quaint inscription:—

"Here lies my love, my only dear,
Eight feet straightforward just from here."

COST OF A BOUNDARY LINE.—The boundary line between the United States and Canada, run in accordance with the Ashburton treaty, cost the labor of 300 men eighteen months. For 300 miles, a path was cut through the forest 30 feet wide, and cleared of all trees. At the end of every mile is a cast-iron pillar, painted white, square, four feet out of the ground, seven inches square at the bottom, and four inches at the top, with raised letters on its sides, naming the commissioners who run the line, and the date.—*Montreal Morning Courier*

SCOTT OF AMWELL, THE QUAKER POET.—In a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, (1779,) Beattie says, "By the first convenient opportunity I hope to send your grace